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[A DANGEROUS OCCUPATION.]

## THE FLAW IN THE DIAMOND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Miss Arlingcourt's Will," "Leaves of Fate," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER X.

MARK DALY came down to Ashton Villa, ten days after his rather peculiar introduction to its master. The latter happened to be absent at the time, but with that kindly foresight for which he was so remarkable, he had provided for his secretary's reception, and left some copying, just enough to give him the impression of being at work. He had prepared for him, likewise, a comfortable, home-like room near his own. Had taken care to select the articles of furniture, the pictures, the books, which gave the young man such a genial, cheery impression, when he looked around the apartment, and sent a thrill of grateful confidence into his heart.

Now Mark Daly's was one of those zealous, earnest natures which make swift conclusions, and endow their heroes with wonderful attributes. He heard the talk of the subordinates in the place; he listened to the warm eulogy of the gentry congregated in the public places. He saw for himself the unselfish kindness, the generous forethought given to everything affecting the welfare or comfort of those, whether high or low, in any way connected with Morley Ashton, and straightway he lifted the image of that gentleman to the highest seat in his regards, and bent low before it, with all the loyal respect and affection of a subject before his king.

He pleased himself with picturing possible contingencies, where his ready devotion and faithful service should be able to win the great man's friendship. To be his friend, the trusted friend and confidant of Morley Ashton, grew to be the summit of the young secretary's ambition.

Mr. Ashton came home, and walked in upon his secretary, with a genial smile and an outstretched hand.

"My dear fellow, so you are here. I am perfectly

delighted to find all that correspondence accomplished, and off my hands. How do you find yourself? comfortable I hope, and you mustn't get homesick at Ashton Villa."

"No, indeed, sir, there is little chance of that. I have not found myself so contented anywhere in all my roving."

"That is well. And how about your search?"

"No news, sir, none at all. I am afraid poor Ruth Weston is dead."

The Honourable Morley Ashton stroked his silky beard, with his eyes far away.

"Well!" said he presently, after a long silence. "I am relieved to find you contented. I was afraid one of your adventurous habits would find it dull here. Rowly told you, didn't he, that Brown Bess in the stable was solely at your service? I do not ask close application to your duties. I do not believe any one can concentrate their energies so long at a time without impairing them. I prefer that you should take several hours' recreation every day; for I know the rest of the time you will be keener and brighter. And, above all things, make yourself at home. I am going to take a little run over to Donnithorne Hall. When I come back we'll look over that pile of letters, and I'll pencil out my ideas of the sort of answer they require."

And then he bowed himself out, that same smile on the statuesque face, when the door closed on it, as when it first appeared.

"What a noble, perfect gentleman he is!" ejaculated Mark Daly, enthusiastically.

And he only echoed the same assertion when his employer returned and devoted two hours to business. The next day there was another call away. The excitement of the coming election left him no rest.

An urgent letter asked for a speech in an uncertain district, and no one but Morley Ashton could accomplish anything.

Mark saw him knit his brow, and sigh.

"I shall be thankful when this election is over," he murmured, "it leaves me no time for sweeter, gentler thoughts."

"He is thinking of his mother. It is touchingly beautiful, their tender affection for each other," commented Mark.

For no one had told him about Miss Donnithorne. Indeed the engagement was not known outside the circle of immediate friends. Just now Lady Constance was ill, and there had been no company whatever in the house.

But Mark Daly was destined to make Ada Donnithorne's acquaintance, and in a somewhat romantic way. He was riding out on Brown Bess one pleasant afternoon, after having despatched a whole tray of letters to the post, and had selected a pleasant country road, taking his way leisurely, and drinking in the sweet breaths of the woods, the pure summer air, and eyeing indolently, among other things, a pony carriage, and a pair of sportsmen on the slope above him. Brown Bess, rather resentful of the laggard pace, upon seeing company ahead, took matters into her own guidance, and pricking up her ears, set into a brisk trot, and was soon close upon the carriage.

Just as she was shaking her graceful head in satisfaction at this result, the sportsmen, who had vaulted the fence and crossed into the field on the other side, fired suddenly at a leaping rabbit, a couple of shots. Brown Bess whirled about, and pranced a little, but the horses in the carriage gave a wild plunge, and their sudden leap jerked the reins, which had been held carelessly, from the coachman's hands. He swung himself down swiftly to recover them, but another plunge completed the disaster. He lost his balance and fell, striking his head against the shaft, and dropping insensible to the ground. The swinging reins and falling body added to the terror of the frightened animals. They flew like mad creatures from side to side, and threatened every moment to overturn the coach, and dash its occupants to the ground.

Mark Daly had not travelled about the world in so many different capacities to lose his self-possession, or his gallantry, in such an emergency.

Brown Bess found suddenly that it was no idle dreamer's hand which held the reins. She was pulled on one side, and pressed into a sharp trot over

the turf and low bushes. It was well Morley Ashton kept no common stock in his stables, for Brown Bess had her best to do to gain upon the flying horses in the carriage. But those poor frightened creatures took a zig-zag path, and an iron hand kept Brown Bess to one as straight as an arrow, though it led over stones and brambles, as well as turf.

At length they were abreast, and now Mark Daly had his first glimpse of the occupant, for there was but one. That view of the white, agonised face, with its terrified blue eyes and pallid lips, the fair hands stretched out imploringly to him, was enough to rouse all the chivalry of a gallant nature.

"Don't be frightened," shouted Mark, as he wheeled Brown Bess directly across the path. There was a shock and a plunge. Mark was nearly dragged from his saddle, but his knees clenched it like a vice, and he managed to keep his hold. His strong right hand had seized the bridle of the near horse, and clung to it.

Fortune certainly favoured him. He never knew exactly how it was done, but in a moment or two more he was near the trembling, shivering horses, and the carriage was still.

The door was burst open; a graceful figure bounded out, and came flying to him.

"Oh! you have saved my life!"

And then she wavered, and dropped like a sad wreath on the ground.

Mark had his hands full, then, if never before in his life. There was Brown Bess, thrusting her head before his face with a puzzled whim, and the two horses, shivering like aspen leaves, and that pallid, lovely sylph lying insensible, the golden curls and white feather dangling dismally in the dust.

He hastily tied the three horses to the nearest tree, and then ran and lifted her in his arms, looking around him wistfully for a trace of water. None nearer than the meadow. He knew, by the fresher line of green, it was divided by a brook. He carried her down there, the sweet, cold face drooping against his shoulder, the golden tress of the curls tangling in the buttons of his coat.

He dropped the crystal shower idly across the lovely face, almost dreading to see the silky fringe of the eyelids lift from the pearly fairness of the cheek. He pulled off the delicate primrose gloves, and chafed the cold fingers, never guessing that it was Morley Ashton's diamond which shimmered in blinding gleam into his eyes.

Ada presently opened these lovely violet eyes upon the flushed, eager tenderness of the young man's face, and that charming pink stole softly into her cheeks, the sweet, childish lips took back their coral, and the white hand was put into his.

"Oh, sir, you have saved my life," said she again, and looked around her, wonderingly.

"I brought you here. I was so frightened when you fainted, and this was the only place to find water," explained he. "I am so thankful I was on this road to-day," he added, a moment after.

"And the carriage—and the horses—and poor Thomas?" asked Miss Donnithorne, threading her white fingers among the disordered curls, and looking shyly at him, wondering where he had come from, that she had never seen this youthful Adonis.

"The carriage is over in the road, the horses are securely tied. I don't think there is much damage, except a broken trace or so. But the coachman, I fear, is badly hurt. He was thrown down, you know, at the first, and it must be half a mile back. Will it do for me to leave you? Shall I go back and see?"

"I can go to the carriage, certainly; but I am such a coward. I don't want you to leave me alone," and while she shivered a little, she blushed also.

"I won't leave you, I can't leave you," exclaimed Mark, chivalrously. "Those men who caused all the mischief, the sportsmen must surely have gone to the man's assistance. Let me give you my arm, you must be weak still."

And with tender assiduous care, he guided her across the meadow, and lifted her over the fence. By this time she had regained her strength and self-possession, and was the gay, bewitching, coquettish Ada again, forgetting her danger and fright, and thoroughly enjoying the romantic adventure, and especially its handsome hero.

She held up her riding-hat, with its dancing feather broken, and laughed merrily.

"What a figure I must be to be sure, and such a fright as you must think me."

Mark's admiring eyes told plainly enough what he thought, but the rash youth added more.

"I shall never need now to call upon any imagination when I think of sylphs and fairies, I have seen their queen."

"She ought to give you a talisman then," laughed Ada, "what shall it be?"

"A fairy's gift, to be sure, a tress of spun gold," returned the daring Mark, pulling out his penknife.

Ada stood a moment looking at him regally; the

next she took up one of the ringlets, untwisted a little spiral coil, and held it up.

"Sever it then, brave knight. Surely you have won it, if ever guerdon was fairly earned."

Mark's penknife performed its duty dexterously. He held the shining tress a moment, looking at it proudly, then there came an earnest ardent look into his eye. He raised it to his lips, and bowed.

"It shall never leave my heart," he said. Ada stood blushing, but thoroughly delighted with his gallant behaviour.

The sunshine glinting a ray across the diamond on her finger brought back a little discretion, however.

"Ah," she cried, stepping forward, "all this delay may be fatal to poor Thomas. I will walk back with you, and see what has happened."

"There he comes, and the two sportsmen, as I surmised, helping him. I think I can imagine something of the relief he will feel to find you safe. And I am greatly pleased to find him safe from serious injury," said Mark, pointing to the hurrying figures, just emerging from the bend of the road.

"Oh, heaven be praised!" faltered the poor fellow. "Oh, Miss Donnithorne! I've been trembling all the way. It wasn't my fault, indeed, it wasn't! You'll be good enough to tell Sir Anson so."

"No, Thomas, you were not to blame. Nobody is especially to blame. I'm not angry at anybody except the horses. Thomas, I won't ride again with those horses. You must practise them where guns are fired."

"I will, miss, indeed, I will!" said Thomas, in a fever of grateful relief that his young mistress had no resentment or indignation at the accident.

"How have you come off, yourself?" asked Mark, as Thomas limped along to examine the horses and the carriage.

"I've lamed my shoulder and thigh, but that's the worst, though they say I was ever so long coming to. I was stunned, I expect, sir. Was it you that saved my young lady? Heaven bless you! Sir Anson would have killed me, if any harm had come to her."

"Sir Anson Donnithorne; then, she is his daughter?" said Mark, dreamily.

"Yes, sir; the only child, sir, and the ground ain't good enough for her to walk on, in their eyes, and gold and diamonds ain't pretty enough for her."

"That's likely. I don't wonder, I'm sure."

And the young man went back where the horses stood, waiting her hat to tell her before her face, and furtively watching him.

Thomas came with his hat in his hand.

"I've made things all right now, Miss Ada. We can soon get out of this lonesome road. The horses are steady now."

"What do you think I shall get into that carriage again? No, indeed! The horses may get home as best they may, but I shall not trust myself to their caprice."

And the little lady tossed her head, shook her curls, and looked the prettiest possible defiance.

"You shall ride on Brown Bess, and I will lead her," says Mark Daly, as if by a sudden inspiration. "She is so gentle—you will not mind the saddle."

Ada Donnithorne clapped her hands.

"What a sight it will be! Let us start at once; and Thomas may go when he chooses with the coach. And, Sir Knight, you must tell me of some other wonderful adventure of yours to beguile the tediousness of the way."

So they started, Brown Bess stepping proudly, but cautiously, as if conscious of her precious burden. The young girl bending down her gay, laughing face, her golden curls and the white feather fluttering together across her shoulder, the graceful young man supporting her on the saddle, and walking beside her with face turned eagerly towards her.

"It forms a pretty picture," quoth one of the sportsmen. "Faith, I don't believe either of them are angry at us or the horses either."

"One can't say," returned Thomas, rubbing his aching shoulder, "but it may not be the same with Sir Anson or—Mr. Morley Ashton."

#### CHAPTER XI.

It was evening; and she sat with her face pressed against the window pane, looking out at the shadowy outlines of the trees, and gazing solemnly upward at the stars, when Mabel heard the first footstep approaching the door of the cosy little house in which she had found refuge. She looked out cautiously, and for a moment, it must be confessed, her heart stood still, as she discovered it to be a man on foot. If it were the Quaker, where was his horse? He came forward, however, in an unhesitating manner, which gave her confidence, and as she went out to the door to listen, she heard his key in the lock.

"Who comes?" asked she, firmly.

"Thy friend," returned the Quaker's even voice, giving her intense relief. "Thou needst not be in the dark, and I hope thou hast not fasted without making thorough examination of Mrs. Wheaton's cupboard," he continued, as he entered the house, and groped his way to light a lamp.

"I have been very comfortable, only anxious to know what has been happening at the inn."

Abiatha laughed.

"There was plenty of sleeping done this morning, there in friend Wardwell's chambers. Even thou must have laughed, hadst thou been there to see."

"And they—that man and his son. When they discovered my escape, what did they say? What will they do?"

Abiatha's eye flashed.

"The old man was white with rage, and the young man furious with wrath. I caught one or two words which puzzled me. The young man turned towards his father, and said, in anger, 'It is your fault, you might have listened to me, and taken a sure step. You might have compelled her to marry me, long ago, and then there would have been no chance of losing the prize.' Dost thou understand what it means? With such people, there is but one prize which attracts, and that is a golden one. How can it be that the young man is his son, and thou his daughter, and he would have thee married in marriage?"

"He is not my father," said Mabel, indignantly. "I never, for a single instant, believed it. And this horrible marriage has been the last drop in my cup of persecutions."

"But thou art safe now," said Abiatha, kindly.

"Will they give me up without searching?"

"They would search, surely, if they had a single clue. But never were two waked men so confounded. They say thou couldst not have leaped from the window without coming to harm. Verily, if there could be such a thing they would be sure thou hadst taken wings, and flown. It is a great mystery to them, and their cunning wiles have failed them this time. When they found the precious book missing also, their consternation was complete. They will hang about the place, doubtless; but the old man has gone to London, I think, this afternoon; and I must get thee to my own home before daylight. That is why I have come in this manner. We are to wait until people are asleep, and then we will walk half a mile or so, and there we shall find a carriage waiting. Thou art to be Mrs. Wheaton. We will look for one of the good woman's bonnets, and there's a cloak, I know, hanging behind the door. Mrs. Wheaton is my cousin, thou understandest, and there is nothing strange in her paying me a visit."

She must be a very good-natured woman to allow such liberties with her house," observed Mabel.

Abiatha laughed again—a low, melodious laugh.

"She is used to Abiatha Broad's ways, and she knows she can do the same in my house. I think I shall send her for leaving so poor a larder. But I brought some fresh bread and some eggs in this basket. We may at least have an omelette before we start."

As he spoke, he rolled up the cuffs of his coat, found an apron hanging by the kitchen stove, and tied it carefully about him. Then he went to work in a neat-handed, womanly fashion, which surprised the observant Mabel, and had presently a bright fire in the grate, a pot of fragrant coffee, steaming on the hob, and a foamy omelette, finished to exactly the right brown colour.

"Give me something to do, you shame my idleness," said she, deprecatingly.

"Not now, my dear. Thou art company here, and I would not have friend Deborah's house seem inhospitable to thee. Besides, I owe thee amends for cheating thee from thy coffee yesterday."

While he spoke, he took from the closet the shining china; even found in some secret drawer silver spoons and sugar-tongs.

"I am my own maid and housekeeper," said he, presently; "as I hold women need not be weak in self-sustaining qualities, so I declare there is no good reason for a man to be helpless in domestic matters. Circumstances make mightier laws than kings, or courts. While there is a broad, common ground on which they may meet, the woman need not lose her sweetest charm of womanliness, nor the man abate one jot of his true manhood."

He unwrapped the bread, placed it on the table, brought forward the coffee, and then a tiny bottle of cream emerged from his coat pocket.

They sat down, amidst many smiles, pleasant talk, and cheerful planning for the future.

A newspaper had been wrapped around the bread, and he had thrown it carelessly on one side. Suddenly, however, he stooped down and took it up. The heading of an advertisement had caught his eye.



## CHAPTER XII.

MARK DALY returned to Ashton Villa in a fever of new and delightful emotions. It is hardly remarkable that his copying was sadly interrupted by visions of dancing girls and melting blue eyes.

"I had no idea they were so beautiful, and so thoroughly graceful," said he to himself. "How much such a solitary, friendless wail as I have lost! How bright and beautiful a home must be, where there are young girls like Miss Donnithorne! Thankful, indeed, am I, that I was there to save her from the danger which threatened her. I wonder if I shall see her again, and if she will be so charmingly familiar and gracious as she was then?"

This question was not long unanswered. That evening Sir Anson made his appearance, inquired for Mr. Mark Daly, and being shown to Mr. Ashton's library, where that young gentleman was at work, looking out a certain political case which his employer wished to quote in his coming speech, he seated upon Mark's hand, and overwhelmed the modest youth with the warmth of his gratitude.

"My dear fellow, what can I do for you? Positively, you must let me do something to work off a little of this debt I owe! Oh! when I think of it I can hardly keep my brain from spinning round! To think what might have been! That precious, precious darling at the mercy of those frightened animals. Oh! but for you, her head might have been dashed on the stones, her limbs broken—if not killed, maimed for life. To think it might have been!"

Mark shuddered, as well as the baronet, at the pictured thought.

"I hope Miss Donnithorne has experienced no harm from the fright."

"None at all, thanks to you. Do you know I'm half sorry to find you here with Morley Ashton? You're in such good hands, there's little chance for me to do anything for you."

"Excellent hands, indeed!" echoed Mark. "I don't think I was ever so happy in my life as I have been during these few days here at Ashton Villa."

"You are pleased with Mr. Ashton," said Sir Anson, with proud satisfaction; "of course you are, as everybody else is."

"I think he is the noblest, grandest character I ever knew," replied Mark, warmly.

"That's the truth, that's the truth. Well, now you must come over to our house, and be friendly there. Lady Harriet is dying to see you; but she was so agitated by hearing of Miss Donnithorne's danger, you know, she was taken with one of her nervous headaches. You are to come over to dine to-morrow. If Ashton gets home he will come, too, but you are to do so anyhow. And you must be thinking what I can get for a little souvenir of our gratitude, you understand. Most young men have some pet idea—shall it be a gold repeater, a fast pair of horses, a costly painting, a telescope, or a shelf of new books? It must be something, you know."

And the father, out of his overflowing heart, shook his hand again, warmly.

"Indeed, sir, I do not wish anything. I am already more than rewarded. I had rather, very much rather, not receive any such costly gift. It is quite enough reward to know I have been of service to you and Miss Donnithorne."

The baronet had been eyeing the narrow, black ribbon guard which crossed the plain vest of the young secretary, and mutually decided that a handsome watch and chain would not be likely to come amiss.

"Well, well, we can attend to the matter another time," he said, "but you will dine with us to-morrow?"

"I shall consider myself very much honoured, sir."

Sir Anson gave his hand another vigorous shake, and hurried off, leaving Mark in a still more rose-coloured vision. And yet it was an innocent one. No thought of taking a dishonourable advantage of the gentleman's kindness and gratitude, or of his daughter's gracious condescension occurred to him, nor indeed did one idea suggest mercenary or ambitious hopes. It was a pure, youthful delight in a new and charming experience.

He was still at work in the library that next forenoon, when the door was pushed open softly, and unannounced, Ada Donnithorne glided into the room.

She had been up to the boudoir of the invalid, Lady Constance. She told herself that her early run over to Ashton Villa was for that purpose. But her eyes sparkled with their most earnest and eager light as she crossed the library floor, and came to the side of the engrossed writer.

Her low silvery laugh was his first intimation of her presence.

He started up, dropping his pen to the floor.

"Miss Donnithorne!"

She dropped him a demure courtesy. How her blue

"Ha, this is something of interest!" exclaimed Abiatha Broad, and knit that smooth forehead of his into a perplexed frown while he read it through. It was the advertisement of A. X. for Ruth Weston.

"So, so," said the Quaker, "this is quite a discovery. Who is A. X., I wonder?"

Mabel, glancing across his shoulder, read it also. "They want information, do they? Well, I think I might put them on the right track. But it is hardly worth my while."

"You know the woman, then?"

"I am pretty sure I have some knowledge of her retreat. But let her remain in it for any hindrance of mine. I wonder who A. X. can be? And what does he want with Ruth Weston? Poor thing! has she not had trouble enough without my giving them any hint which will drag her out of her hiding-place? Yet it may be well for her to know about it," he murmured, and then took his penknife, cut out the advertisement in that neat, tidy manner in which he performed all his work, and put it safely in his pocket-book.

The table was nicely cleared when their repast was ended, and Abiatha, with another of those cheerful, mellow laughs, bunted up a basin, and filled it with hot water.

"Friend Deborah shall not have cause to complain of my leaving work for her return," said he.

"Nay, you shall not wash the dishes, and leave me idle," remonstrated Mabel, and this time with so much decision that he was fain to yield to her wishes.

"I will be writing a few lines to leave in her sugar-bowl," said he. "She knows that is the post-office for my epistles, and always takes a look into it the moment she gets home. I may well scold her for a gad-about."

When he had written his note, he folded it so as to fit into the cover of the china sugar-bowl, laughing softly while he did it.

"I have told Deborah that the old Quaker has adopted a daughter, and advised her that she is expected to be godmother."

Mabel's eyes filled with soft tears.

"You are so good to me," she said, "that I cannot realise we have not always known each other; or that I have really no claim upon your charity."

"Not charity, my child; that is too cold a word for the affection thou hast already inspired. But come, while we talk the moments slip away. There is the clock and bunnet. Put them on, and if thou art able, put a little stoop into that straight form of thine, that thou mayst have a little more likeness to Deborah. Not that I imagine there is any danger of our being watched or molested, but it is as well to be on the prudent side."

Even while he spoke, Mabel started up and caught hold of his arm, while she whispered:

"I heard a voice. Oh, sir, I cannot fail to recognise those detested tones. It is Sydney's voice. What shall I do?"

The Quaker's face blanched.

He caught her hand, and drew her swiftly towards what only seemed a panelled wainscoting, but his nervous touch found something that answered with a sharp click. She was pushed into a small dark closet and the secret door closed upon her. And he was there at the door in season to answer to the loud knock.

Two men were there, but the face of the nearest was that of the good-looking but sinister accomplice of the Rev. Mr. Whitehead.

"Have you seen or heard anything of a pale-faced, handsome young woman to-day, or last night? She was a little wandering in her mind, and has escaped from her friends. She wore a black silk dress, and had pearl earrings, and—why is it you, is it?"

And he took a step nearer, recognising his acquaintance at the inn.

"Oh, yes. So you are searching for the young woman. I've just arrived here and there's only one person in the house; but I'll ask Deborah if she has seen your sister. It's well you came as you have, for we were just going away."

He went into the second room, making a show of asking a question and receiving an answer to the same, and then returned.

"No such young woman has been near this house, and Deborah is one that has sharp eyes to note what is passing in the street."

The young man looked impatient, and said:

"The evil one himself must have helped her."

"You should be careful about using such names. There be those who say that same one is always near when his name is called," said the Quaker, with solemn emphasis, but he made a comical grimace as the young man turned his back, and added, *sotto voce*, "and that same helper is nearer than thou thinkest."

He called out at the door, so that both men heard him:

"Come, Deborah, must you be all day putting on bonnet and cloak. We have a good half-mile to walk, and Friend Smith's team will be waiting for us."

The two men drove off; Abiatha went in, and released the frightened girl.

He found a well, helping himself again without scruple to the property of the absent Deborah.

"Thou must have this to cover thy face, in case we are stopped again. Come, let us go now."

"But if we meet him? He will know me. Oh, I am sure he will know me!"

"They are but two. This little shining pistol in my pocket gives the odds to us. How thine eyes talk, child! What a queer Quaker I am, they say. And it is true enough. But come, let me look the doors. There is no danger. He is entirely unsuspecting, and thou needest not tremble in that way. Come."

He led her gently, but firmly to the door, and locked it behind them. Then he took her hand in his, and led the way out of the yard.

The retired street was still, and profoundly peaceful. The rumble of the wheels of Mr. Sydney's chaise had ceased. There was only the chirping of insects; the occasional sigh of the wind through the branches of the trees which lined the roadside.

Mabel gained courage as she hurried on beside him, although she started nervously at every sound which could be likened to the footfall of horse or pedestrian.

But they reached the waiting waggon, with its countryman driver, without any molestation.

"Thou art prompt to thy word, David," said Abiatha. "Now let us see what the horse can do, because we would fain arrive in decent season, and it is very late now."

An hour's sharp riding brought them to a pretty little village, which Mabel could discern quite plainly in the starlight, and at the gateway of a smothering, ancient-looking house, the waggon drew up. There had scarcely been a word spoken during the drive, but now Abiatha said cheerily:

"It is a good sight, when one has been wandering far and wide, to come upon the old home scene. Here we are at last. Welcome, Deborah!"

Although he spoke another name, Mabel knew that the tone and welcome were meant for her. She got out, and stood by the gate, while Abiatha was settling with the driver, who presently turned round, and drove briskly towards home.

Abiatha joined her, and pointed with a smile to the pretty valley, sleeping quietly below them, and to the rising hills beyond.

"It is a fair scene. In the daylight thou wilt see the water, without which no landscape is perfect. The river flows boldly between those hills. That is an humble, little rural village, but everything is sweet and charming. Across the hill in the morning thou wilt see a low-hanging, leaden cloud. That is the manufacturing town."

"Those tall chimneys, and the tower looking out from the shade of the trees—you can see lights still glancing there?"

"That is Donnithorne Hall. Thou rememberest our young friend of the stage coach? It will not be so difficult to restore her the watch. She lives there."

"You know her! I never suspected it."

"Nay, until she told her dwelling-place I did not know who it might be."

"And then below that there is another large building, is there not?"

"Yes," said the Quaker, slowly, "that is Ashton Villa."

"They are the aristocracy, I suppose; the grand people?" questioned Mabel still further.

Abiatha Broad flung up his hand towards the starlight sky, and gave a singular answer.

"Up there, there is no grandeur, and purity of heart is more than silken garments. Masks are dropped, and the soul only has its patents of nobility there."

He waited for no farther questioning, but went up to the door of the house, applied the great key he had taken from his pocket, and opened it.

"Come, my child, welcome to a safe refuge," cried he.

"May heaven reward you for your goodness," said Mabel, in a tremulous voice.

The cottage of Abiatha Broad stood alone, with no other dwelling within several rods. There was a green field on one side, and an orchard on the other. Neither of the speakers had any suspicion of observation, neither dreamed that there had been a listener to their little conversation. But as they disappeared through the open doorway, a tall figure rose up from the shrubbery on the right, looked for a moment curiously—while a glow of light kindled behind one of the windows, and then walked off swiftly down the hill, towards the village.

eyes sparkled! What a lovely colour glowed on her cheek! How thoroughly charming she was! He wondered if all white dresses, with little dainty ruffings, and knots of blue ribbon had such picturesque effect.

"Good morning, sir. You see I have come to say another word of thanks. And besides, papa never told me about your arm. I was afraid you could not move it at all to-day, when I remembered how powerfully you must have exerted it. But you are writing, so it must be well."

"Quite well. And you cannot be injured to be looking so—"

"Well, sir, so—what," asked Ada, unable to resist her coquettish impulses, and tossing away her curls with one white hand, she held up the other in playful threatening. "Speak the truth, Mr. Daly."

"I don't know exactly what I was thinking about," replied Mark—"of roses, violets, and all sweet and lovely things, and that doesn't seem sufficient either; I think I shall have to say—so like an angel."

"Oh, flatterer!" returned Ada, gaily; but her cheeks colouring into a little brighter carmine, "it would be a very sinful angel, I assure you. Are you very busy? Shall I hinder you if I sit down a little time?"

"I beg your pardon," answered Mark, himself blushing intensely. "It was unparadoxically rude in me not to offer you a chair, only indeed that it seemed too great honour for me to expect."

And he placed a chair by the table.

She looked across at it.

"All papers and books. How very wise and learned you must be. It would be so dry to me. Haven't you something pretty to show me?"

And the blue eyes laughed at him in their saucy merriment.

Mark bethought himself of a portfolio of rice-paper paintings which he had brought from China, and which were locked in his trunk among the foreign presents he had purchased for poor Ruth Weston.

"If you will excuse me for a moment," he said, "I think I can bring you something which will please you."

And in a moment more he was stooping down before her, placing a low table on which to arrange the delicate sheets, then he spread them out, and presently the two graceful heads were bent together over the beautiful flowers, birds and mosses, and they were chattering with all the animation and pleasure of a boy and girl.

"I took a few lessons myself of a queer old fellow, with a queue two or three yards long, and I have one of their paint-boxes, and a tray."

"Oh, let me see what you have done!" cried Ada, clapping her hands. "I never saw anything more exquisite than these."

He turned over the leaves of the portfolio, and brought out some pictures.

"Oh, they are lovely! Quite as lovely, nay, far better than the others. You have got the English correctness and sense with the Chinaman's nicety of touch. Funny creature, isn't he, if this be his portrait? Oh, I am sure I like yours best! I wonder if I have sense enough to do anything like these? My doubts at the school quite disgust me. How I wish there was someone to teach me to paint a set like these for mamma—a whole set, all myself."

"I should be too happy, if you would permit me," stammered Mark, eagerly.

The demure little coquette again clapped her hands.

"How splendid it would be! Mamma was saying the other day I must do something of the sort, to keep up my school method of discipline. Oh! when shall we begin? I wonder if I shouldn't do better to come over here? It would seem a little more like going to school. Shall you be very stern, very cross, if I am not tractable?"

The two pairs of gleaming eyes met in a glad smile, and the two merry young voices joined in a chorus of silvery laughter.

Then she began examining his pictures anew, and found out one, a single figure, a Chinese girl, gay in embroidery, with a bird on her wrist.

"There," she cried, "I have found out the one which has a history. Tell me about it. Did you leave your heart with this fair maiden of the Flowery Land? I know she was irresistible."

"That is Lu-wee, the master's daughter. At first she was very shy, but I knew she was always watching me through the lattice-work ceiling. It is odd, isn't it, how we do seem to feel a peculiar warning when anyone's eye is upon us, though they may be hidden from our sight? I used to know she was there, and sometimes I was sorely tempted to burst into a laugh. But one day she got at a broader peep-hole than usual, and my cautious glance showed me, not only a dancing black eye, but a pair of red lips. The mischief came into me. I slipped my hand into my pocket, pulled out a sugar-plum, and

threw it quickly into her mouth. I thought old Lushington would strangle himself with laughing, if his daughter didn't with the sugar-plum. But after that, he brought her out, and we were very friendly. You see I took her portrait. I really believe poor Lu-wee cried when I came away."

"And you—?" asked Miss Ada, the dancing blue eyes fixed accusingly on his face.

"Why, poor thing! I was sorry for it. Even the loss of poor company is felt by those mewed-up Chinese girls."

"So you pretend that you were not in love with her?"

Mark opened his honest eyes.

"Indeed, I was never in love in my life," he returned, promptly.

"Honestly?" persisted the wicked little coquette.

He hesitated a moment, for a sudden consciousness came like a revelation.

"Indeed, I can speak safely of the past tense, but—but at present. Ah! Miss Donnithorne, it is not you who should blame me, or why are you so dangerous?"

Ada was suddenly very engrossed with the pictures, and then she gave a graceful little start of recollection.

"Bless me! how I am staying. Mamma will wonder what has become of me. But I shall see you again to-day. Papa is so eager for you to come to dine with us, and poor mamma is equally anxious. They are not ungrateful, I assure you."

"I shall never cease to bless the fortunate chance which sent me on that road. Would you honour me so much as to take such of these pictures as please you best? If you will make your selections, I will bring them over."

She came back, and another half-hour was spent in gay re-examination of the paintings.

"I will only take a few, enough to show mamma. What a novelty it will be, if you can teach me to copy them," she said; and then finally took her departure.

Poor Mark turned back to his writing, wondering to find all his thoughts bewildered, straying off into a thousand dreamy, delicious, but intangible fancies.

He was prompt to present himself at Donnithorne Hall at the appointed hour, and received a gracious reception. Lady Harriet fell in readily with Ada's demure suggestions, and it was decided that she should take lessons in painting, at hours suited to Mr. Daly's convenience. Then, while the bland and benign host told him stories over the wine, it came out that Mark Daly was a somewhat proficient horseman.

"By Jove! you must try and ride a little with my daughter. While she was at school, she got dreadfully out of the way of such exercise, and I was really ashamed of her. She needs more practice, and a little advice. It will be quite a favour, Mr. Daly, if you'll ride with her occasionally. A groom is so stupid a companion, it makes it such a task that the little witch shirks her proper exercise. I don't bear it so well myself, as I used to do, and there's Ashton, you know how busy and occupied he is. You're just the fellow, Daly, and you shall have your pick of the stable, if you'll ride with her."

"The horse Mr. Ashton has given to me suits me very well. Brown Bess already knows and likes me," replied the young man.

And so it was settled that Ada Donnithorne was to take lessons in painting and horsemanship both, of Mark Daly. But there was no need of any urging her to the prompt attention needed for improvement. Almost every day these two young creatures met, bending together over the dainty copying of the Chinese pictures, her golden curls every now and then brushing against his hand, or his cheek, and sending an electric thrill through all his nerves. Or dashing over the breezy uplands to the exhilarating music of their good steeds' footfalls, flinging to each other gay jests, or glowing with the enthusiasm of happy youth, blending together their charming voices, and marvelling at the golden beauty of all around them, and most of all at the growing gladness within their own hearts.

This was the life they led, while Morley Ashton was hurrying through the towns, helping to set the feverish current of political excitement in the right channel.

He came home, of course, occasionally, and always found his secretary earnest, eager, prompt with his work, with that winning air, not so much of profound deference, as of admiring devotion and fervent loyalty.

Ada, too, was bright, gay, and glad always; and he was not long enough in her presence to discover that it was partly the feverish restlessness of excitement, and partly the exhilaration of some secret happiness with which he had naught to do.

Moreover, Mr. Morley Ashton had certain irritating, abstracting thoughts to divert his attention.

That mobile lip of his had caught a new trick. If watched, it could be seen working in and out under the glossy moustache, only kept from a nervous motion by the grim guard of the cruel teeth, whose imprint were sometimes seen upon it. People who were intimate with him wondered at it a little, but said Mr. Ashton was thoroughly in earnest, and completely absorbed by the political situation, and they praised him for his generous enthusiasm. And Morley Ashton heard them, stifled a bitter sigh, hated and loathed himself for the lie he acted, for all the while it was staring before his eyes, and stabbing into his heart, the haunting remembrance of the object of his disquiet, the anonymous letter he had found so mysteriously upon his desk, with but these strange lines written on it.

"The woman for whom you search is still alive. How much do you value the information that Ruth Weston is not dead, but is here in England—and is, like you—searching?"

(To be continued.)

#### ENGLAND.

THAT this name is derived from the Engles, or Angles, is probably now unquestionable; but perhaps it may be permissible to doubt if the name was brought here by any Teutonic people. There were three great settlements in this country to which the name of the Angles was assigned; North Anglia, East Anglia, and West Anglia. The latter was speedily lost in the name of Wessex; so speedily as to render almost irresistible the inference that it was a synonym. I am not aware of any record that the Angles of the West of England were ever supplanted or subdued by the Saxons, but all record seems to show that they were the same people. North Anglia likewise seems to have lapsed into Northumbria, not as a synonym, but by absorption into a larger state. But the remarkable coincidence remains, that the people called Engles on their arrival in this country went and placed themselves off-hand in three corners or angles, and nowhere else. This coincidence is the more remarkable that traces of this people are not to be found in any other part of the country save through the temporary vicissitudes of war, except in the island of Anglesey, to which, singularly enough, they seemed to have found their way on some principle of selection which is inexplicable. The angular form of England was known from the earliest historic period; and unless there be more evidence than I have yet met with that the people who settled in the Anglias brought the name with them, it would appear probable they took their name from settling in angles or corners; just as Kent obtained its name from its own peculiar form and position, and as the inhabitants were men of Kent, so it would appear that the Engles were men of the Angle. Similarly, a small bay at the southern corner of the entrance to Milford Haven is called Angle Bay; Pen Anglia is one horn of Fishguard Bay; and West Angle Bay is a bight between Rat and Thorn Islands, South Wales. Doubtless other illustrations may be found. If Angeln, the reputed cradle of this people, instead of being in the south-east of Sleswig, had been in the south-west, it might have been the point of departure for the emigrants, and so given a name; but at present it would appear that peculiar shapes of the *insula triquetra* of England and Anglesey conferred the names they and their people bear.

D. S.

THE thermometer marked, at Vienna, on the 7th of December, 15.6 centigrade (60 Fahrenheit) above zero. So high a temperature at this period of the year has not been observed in that city since 1775.

MADIRA WINES.—It appears that this year's vintage shows a very considerable increase on recent years, and may attain to about 4,000 pipes—a quantity still very small compared with that produced in the prosperous days of the island before 1851—and even so, the statement as to present quantity must be taken with some reserve, inasmuch as, since the abolition of the tithes, no official returns have been made. About nine-tenths of the produce was grown on the south side of the island, where the best "Madeiras" were formerly produced, and will probably be good wines, taking into consideration the youth of the plants, and certainly better than in previous years: the remaining tenth, grown on the north side, will be very inferior. Of the total quantity, about three-fourths—say 3,000 pipes—will be required for island consumption, and for conversion into brandy, so that only about 1,000 pipes will ultimately be available for exportation. These will be the best wines of the year; but, before they are shipped, should be allowed some five years to attain thorough maturity. The process of renewed vine culture is slow, but it is, nevertheless, marked, as regards both quantity and quality.





[DADDY AN ASSASSIN.]

## HEART'S CONTENT.

## A Christmas Story.

By the Author of "Bondage of Brandon," &amp;c., &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XII.

MORRIS entered the "Creek House," and this time walked boldly upstairs. The landlord looked enquiringly after him, but did not interfere, thinking he had business with those in the private room.

This room was only used by privileged customers. It had two windows, which looked out on the creek. As the night was warm, and the gas made the atmosphere hot, they were both open, and the rushing noise made by the ebbing tide as it flowed past some piles in its way was distinctly audible.

The three men he had seen in the theatre were sitting round a table, on which was a bottle of champagne, and by its side two empty ones.

A few sporting pictures garnished the walls. The floor was sanded and the furniture was made up of tables and chairs.

Morris nodded familiarly to the men, and, taking a seat, said:

"You did not expect to see me, I suppose. Don't be alarmed Ned Thompson, or you, Beaver. I am not after you. I have only come to renew my acquaintance with our excellent friend, Mr. Chiverton."

This address created the utmost consternation.

The two thieves were somewhat reassured when they heard that the celebrated detective had not come to arrest them. They at once concluded that Chiverton, who spent his money freely, and who seemed to have plenty of it, had committed a robbery.

At the same time they thought they were under some species of obligation to defend him.

Daddy Chiverton turned pale; but he did not know Hamley Morris, and he said so.

"Perhaps not. However, I have to thank you for firing a little too high the other night. I came back from Stanton, or I should not be here now," said Hamley Morris.

"It is you, is it?" exclaimed Chiverton, with a curse. "That's just right, I can do now what I intended to do then."

Morris drew his revolver from his pocket and cocking it, said:

"I shall not hesitate to use this if any foul play be attempted; and possibly you and Mr. Chiverton may come to an arrangement which will do away

with the necessity of my taking you up on a charge of attempted murder."

"What arrangement?" demanded Daddy Chiverton, keeping his eye fixed upon the revolver.

"I must apologise for entering into private matters before third parties," answered Morris. "This however, is my proposition—If you will make a detailed confession of the plot which has made your son Lord Cariston, I will forget the two shots you fired at me on the Stanton road. The evidence against you is complete. The wadding which encircled the balls was torn from an old almanack found on your table, and—"

"You may save yourself any farther trouble, master," interrupted Daddy Chiverton. "If you tore me limb from limb I'd confess nothing. You won't get any information out of me, so I tell you. My son is Lord Cariston, so let him be."

Hamley Morris was about to reply, when he found himself seized from behind by the man whom he had addressed as Beaver, and who, during the progress of this conversation, had quitted his seat and crept in the rear of the detective.

The grasp in which he was held was of such a vice-like nature that Hamley Morris, though retaining his hold of the pistol was unable to move.

"Quick Ned," cried Beaver, "get the rope and let him cross over."

Thompson quickly produced a long and thick rope from a cupboard in a corner of the room.

Going to a window he uttered a peculiar cry, and threw the rope across the creek.

It was most dexterously caught by a man in a house on the other side, and fixed, by a loop, to a large iron hook cemented in the wall.

"Get on the rope," he said to Chiverton, "and cross by it hand over hand. Look sharp. You've no time to waste."

Daddy Chiverton went to the window, and hesitated.

The quickly flowing water, looking black and turbid below him, did not serve to re-assure a man who could not swim.

Making a strong effort, Hamley Morris, at this juncture, pulling the trigger, fired his pistol.

He could not take aim.

That did not matter. The sound could be heard by Sampson outside, and he would come to his assistance.

The sound of the pistol's explosion alarmed Chiverton, and he, making a desperate effort, got hold of the rope, and with slow and laborious movements, exerted himself to gain the opposite side.

Some men in the house which he was nearing

encouraged him with their cries, and cheered him on.

Beaver still held Morris in his powerful grasp, and Ned Thompson shouted advice to Daddy Chiverton, who, with the utmost difficulty, dragged the weight of his body along.

The old man was not so active as he had been once, and, in truth, the task he had set him was not very easy of accomplishment.

A change in the aspect of affairs took place when police-constable Sampson entered the apartment with his truncheon drawn.

He comprehended the situation at a glance.

One tremendous blow felled Thompson like an ox, and another laid Beaver senseless at the feet of the detective. "Mind the door, while I cut the rope," exclaimed Hamley Morris, as soon as he had regained his liberty.

This injunction was rendered necessary by a threatened influx from below.

An alarm had been created by the report of the pistol, and the sudden appearance of a constable in uniform on the scene.

Sampson effectually performed the part of sentry, and kept back the furious rabble, who, with the landlord at their head, clamoured loudly for admittance.

Drawing a knife from his pocket, Hamley Morris looked out of the window, and by the aid of the moonlight, distinctly saw what was going on.

Daddy Chiverton, after heroic efforts, had got three-parts of the way across.

He was almost exhausted.

The excitement of those on the side he was approaching was intense.

They held out their hands to help him as soon as he got near enough, and redoubled their hoarse cries, which they intended should stimulate him to increased exertions.

"Come back!" shouted Morris.

"Never!" answered Daddy Chiverton, between his teeth.

Hamley Morris was now only anxious that Chiverton should not escape him.

He felt his professional reputation to be at stake.

Better that he should fall into the creek and be drowned than that he should escape from the trammels of justice. Far better that his secret should perish with him, than that he should gain shelter on the other side and laugh at his pursuers.

"You refuse to come back?" continued Morris.

In fact, the old man could not have done so had he chosen.

It was as much as he could accomplish to reach

the friendly hands which were stretched out to help him, if he could do so much.

He was within a yard of them now.

Hamley Morris raised his knife, and brought it down with sabre-like effect upon the rope, which, thick as it was, became instantly severed before the keen blade.

With a jerk, Daddy Chiverton was thrown against the wall of the opposite house.

If he could have held on he would have been saved.

Those above would have hailed him up.

The shock, however, caused him to lose his hold, and he was precipitated into the dark stream below.

In falling he uttered a despairing cry, which was echoed by those who had evinced such a friendly interest in his welfare.

The water closed over his head, and he was lost to sight.

### CHAPTER XIII.

By the instructions of the new Lord Cariston, Mr. Snarley gave Mr. Ingledew legal notice to quit Heart's Content. By Lady Cariston's—that is to say, the Dowager Lady Cariston's—advice he refused to take any notice of it.

"Let us defy them," she said, boldly. "You know, my dear Mr. Ingledew, that possession is nine points of the law. Very well. We have possession; we will keep it. I may add that I am hopeful of events occurring within a few weeks which will materially alter the complexion of affairs."

"I am astonished," observed Marian, "that Miss Seafeld should not have had more consideration for us. Now she is Lady Cariston she could surely avert this threatened evil, had she but the will to do so."

"I will venture to predict that her triumph will be short-lived," answered Lady Cariston.

Captain Soudamore was informed that he might take possession of Heart's Content on a certain day; and he drove over at the stated time to see if the place were empty and in a fit condition for habitation.

His surprise was great when he discovered that it showed every sign of being occupied.

Ringling the bell, the domestic informed him, in reply to his question, that Mr. Ingledew was, at present, the tenant of the house, and that he could see him if he wished.

Accordingly, Captain Soudamore was ushered into the drawing-room, as he did wish to see Mr. Ingledew.

The antiquary entered with his coat sleeves tucked up to the elbow, and his hands covered with clay. He had been extracting some fossils from their earthy bed, and apologised for being in such a condition.

"Do not make any apology, I beg," said the captain. "It is I who ought to make excuses to you, I fear."

"What is your business with me?" asked Mr. Ingledew.

"Have you received a notice to quit these premises, may I ask?"

"That is a question which I do not feel myself at liberty to reply to," answered Mr. Ingledew, guardedly. "If you are a lawyer employed by Lord Cariston, all I can tell you is that I mean to remain here."

"Indeed. I am sorry to hear that," rejoined Captain Soudamore, "because I had hoped to occupy the house for a shooting-box. My card would have told you, if you had looked at it, that I am a captain in the army, and attached to a regiment at present quartered at Stanton."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Ingledew. "I thought you were some emissary of Lord Cariston's, sent to entrap me into some admission which a lawyer would know too well how to turn to his own purpose."

"Perhaps there is some mistake on the part of my friend, Lord Cariston," returned the captain. "His legal adviser told me that I could come over here to-day and ask for the keys, preparatory to taking up my abode here. I will drive to the castle and represent the state of matters to his lordship."

"You can do that if you please," answered Mr. Ingledew. "I regret that you should have been disappointed, Captain Soudamore, but I am advised to remain where I am."

"No doubt you have excellent motives for so doing?"

"That remains to be seen," said Mr. Ingledew. Captain Soudamore very politely took leave of Mr. Ingledew, and drove over to the castle, where he found Darby, who, having had a little tiff with his imperious wife, and being unmistakably beaten in the encounter, was not in the best of tempers.

The captain's story was soon told.

"They won't go, won't they?" vociferated Darby.

"Then I'll know the reason why. Have you got your trap outside?"

"I have."

"Drive me over, and I'll show you whether I cannot go into my own place or not."

"If you will excuse me, I would rather not be mixed up in the affair," replied Captain Soudamore. "When you have got rid of your obnoxious tenants I shall be very glad to rent your house; but you must not be offended with me if I refuse to take any part in the process of eviction."

"As you like. I'm not so squeamish," answered Darby. "Why, I should like to know, should a man be kept out of his own?"

"There is no reason that I can see why he has a good title."

"Mine is indisputable."

"I wish you luck. You may take the trap and welcome. I will wait here and smoke a cigar till you come back, if you have no objection."

"Oh, no, none at all," answered Darby.

The captain strolled into a conservatory, thinking he had caught sight of the folds of Lady Cariston's dress amongst the orange trees, and Darby strode through the hall, jumped into the trap, and drove off to Heart's Content to bully its inmates.

As soon as Captain Soudamore had gone, Mr. Ingledew summoned Lady Cariston and Marian to inform them of what had taken place.

They commended his behaviour; and were engaged in conversation when Darby drove up.

As they were in the drawing-room, the windows of which looked out upon the lawn, through which the carriage driver saw, they saw at a glance who their visitor was this time.

Darby did not request an audience with Mr. Ingledew. He threw the reins to the groom who had accompanied him, impudently strode into the hall, and pushing open the drawing-room door, went in and confronted the trio.

An angry flash gleamed from the eyes of the grinning intruder.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded as calmly as his excitement would let him.

"What is the meaning of your refusing to let my tenant have possession of Heart's Content?" returned Darby. "The place is mine, I believe."

"I am not disputing your title."

"You keep my mother here to conspire against me," continued Darby. "She knows she is my mother though she won't own it."

"My maternal instinct rebels at the bare idea," retorted Lady Cariston.

"I don't care. I can get on without you, and you may go and let your instinct rebel somewhere else. You shan't stay here—not one of you shall. Do you hear that?"

"You speak loud enough, my good fellow," replied Mr. Ingledew, "but I tell you that you must go to work legally. This blustering will have no effect."

"I'll burn the place down over your heads!" cried Darby, beside himself with rage.

"You seem to be fond of doing that sort of thing. Take care you don't get indicted for arson," said Lady Cariston.

Darby raised his hand and clenched his fist.

Her ladyship thought that he meant to strike her. "Oh, the coward!" she cried. "Would that my son—my Ashley were here to protect me."

As she spoke, the centre window of the drawing-room, which extended to the floor in the Venetian style, was dashed violently open.

A man sprang into the room.

A voice exclaimed:

"He is here, mother!"

The next instant Darby felt himself forcibly seized by the collar of his coat. He was dragged out on to the lawn.

His captor grasped the horsewhip while passing the carriage; broke it in half; and administered such a castigation to Darby as he had never received before, and which made him black and blue for many a day afterwards.

"Cowardly hound!" exclaimed the man who had thus treated him. "Begone instantly."

Darby stood trembling before him, his eyes starting from their sockets, and exhibiting signs of extreme agitation and terror.

"Ashley Leigh," he stammered.

"Off with you," was the reply.

He did not stir, and his aggressor drove him with blows and kicks to the fence separating the lawn from the park, into which he fell headlong.

It was, indeed, Ashley Leigh.

No ghost, no apparition.

Ashley Leigh in the flesh, safe, sound and well as he had ever been.

Returning to the drawing-room, Mr. Ingledew said:

"Explain this mystery. Has Mr. Leigh sprang from the grave?"

"It may have appeared so to you," replied Lady Cariston; "but your daughter Marian and I have known him to be alive for some time past. He has remained concealed, as we thought it best that he should do so, and—"

"He would not be here now had he been able to keep his temper, when that contemptible cur began to lord it over you all," added Ashley Leigh, laughing.

"Thank heaven the concealment is now all over," sighed Marian.

"But the mystery? That seems as profound as ever," observed Mr. Ingledew.

"I will explain, my dear sir, presently," answered Ashley Leigh. "Just now I am tired with my exertions; and the pleasure of talking openly and unreservedly to my dear Marian and my mother is too great to be resisted."

It was some time before Mr. Ingledew was able to extract the following facts from him.

He did not go to London, as was supposed, on the night of his disappearance, but took refuge with Thorne, the gate-keeper, at the lodge.

Lady Cariston was cognisant of this; it being originally intended that he should remain concealed for a few days, to see what happened and what was to be done.

It was impossible for him to stay at Harehill Castle, and assist at the triumph of Darby Chiverton.

When the news came that his body was found, slightly mutilated, on a railway near London, he resolved to let everyone, but his mother and Marian, believe that he was really dead.

That the deceased should have been in possession of articles belonging to him was very strange.

It was accounted for in this way.

The room he occupied in Duke Street, St. James's, had a few days previously been broken open, and many things of value abstracted therefrom.

The man found on the metals of the railway must have been one of the thieves.

Ashley Leigh did not scruple to deceive his father; because he felt that he was treating him cruelly by discarding him in favour of the adventurer. Darby, whose claim should have been thoroughly sifted and examined before a competent tribunal ere it had been admitted.

Near Thorne's cottage was the entrance to an underground passage connected with the old abbey, which had been used by the monks for some purpose of their own.

In the vaults below the ruins of the abbey, Thorne made Mr. Leigh a comfortable chamber, which he supplied with books, wine, furniture, lamps, and everything that he could wish; this being done with the assistance and connivance of Lady Cariston.

At night he wandered forth.

This accounted for the apparently supernatural appearance which had so startled Mona and Daddy Chiverton.

It also enabled him to be present at the fire, where, his features draped in an extemporised mask, he seized a ladder, and at a most critical moment rescued Marian from an awful death.

His confinement was very dreary, but he determined to endure it until the villains who were plotting against him were unmasked, and he could increase their discomfort by his sudden and unlooked-for appearance.

His being out of the way, it was thought by Hamley Morris, under whose directions Lady Cariston had acted all through, would render the conspirators more ungarded in their movements.

So Ashley Leigh remained concealed, day after day, week after week.

His hasty conduct on the present occasion, rather precipitated matters.

He could no longer pretend to be dead.

There was great rejoicing and festivity at Heart's Content that night.

It somewhat atoned for their wretchedly dull Christmas; which had been made worse by Lord Cariston's untimely death.

Ashley Leigh's re-appearance flew from mouth to mouth.

The whole county rang with it.

In time it reached the ears of Mr. Jonas Bloxam. He did not like it.

If Darby were proved an impostor, and Mr. Bloxam did not know what available evidence his enemies had at their disposal, he would be a great loser.

The jewels he held as security were practically worthless, for he could not dispose of them; they would be recognised; and a recognition of them would place him in the awkward position of a receiver of stolen goods.

Jonas Bloxam held the written proofs of Darby's villainy.

He could, if he liked, make terms with Ashley Leigh; and establish him in the position from which he had been turned out.



What should he do? As Jonas Bloxam never acted hastily, he slept over the matter.

Darby was furious at the treatment he had met with; as he was no match in physical strength for Ashley Leigh, he called upon his solicitor, Mr. Snarley, and put the law in force.

In the afternoon, Mr. Snarley called at Heart's Content, and served Mr. Ingledew with a legal notice of ejectment, he having already received one to quit; and he handed Ashley Leigh a summons for assaulting Lord Carleton.

Then, having done his dirty work, he wended his way to the castle, where he was to dine.

Captain Scudamore was, of course, one of the guests.

His attentions to Mona were more marked than ever.

Darby frowned, when he saw the looks that were exchanged between them; and the demon of jealousy gnawed at his heart.

He drank deeply that night; and when his bruised and battered countenance, disfigured by patches of plaster, was inflamed with wine, he had a diabolical appearance, from which any woman might have been forgiven from shrinking.

After dinner a scrap of paper was put into his hand by a servant.

Unfolding it, he read.

"If some favourable terms are not immediately made with me, I shall consider whether it will not be worth my while to bargain with Mr. Ashley Leigh for the incriminatory document which I hold."

There was no signature, but Darby knew from whence it came.

It was a threat from Jonas Bloxam.

This note served the purpose of the death's head at the banquet.

He drank glass after glass of wine, without being able to drown his fears of coming evil; "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" and no peace had the gaudy coronet brought to the false Lord Carleton.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE way in which Mona flirted with Captain Scudamore was so flagrant and palpable that no one could fail to notice it.

Major Dandy McDiamond, an astute Scotsman, who had accepted the hospitality of the new Lord Carleton, in conjunction with many of his brother officers, remarked it. And having a propensity for making mischief, the major called Darby's attention to his wife's indiscretion, and so fanned the flame, which indeed did not stand in need of being increased.

"Nonsense!" said Darby, in reply to a remark of the major's, which he did not choose to interpret properly. "I don't think her ladyship means anything. You are mistaken, major. It's a way she has."

"Aweel," answered Major Dandy McDiamond. "I'm unco glad you dinna' fash yerseel. If she were my wife I'd interfere in double quick time. 'Every lassie has her laddie,' as the song says."

"I like to see her lively," said Darby, gnashing his teeth.

"I'm as sporting as ye," rejoined the major. "But your lordship should look after a young callant like Scudamore. I dinna' like it. Ill will come of it. I ken that well enough. I dinna' like it. Na, sir."

When Mona rose to go to the drawing-room, Captain Scudamore stood by the dining-room door, holding it open, to allow her and his friends to pass. Darby, brushing rudely past him, overtook Mona in the hall.

"I want to speak to you, my lady," he said, bluntly.

Mona would have treated him with contempt, and passed on; but there was that in his eye which warned her not to trifle with him too much, just at that moment.

"It seems," he continued, as she halted in the hall, after saying a word to the nearest lady, requesting her and her companions to excuse her for a short time, and proceed to the drawing-room. "It seems that you like that Captain Scudamore better than you do me."

"What if I do?" she had the hardihood to answer.

"It's a pity you did not make the discovery before you married me!" he replied, bitterly.

"Is there anything surprising in it?"

"Do you want to madden me? Do you want to make me kill the man?" said Darby, loudly, and trembling with excitement.

"You know the value of your own life," said Mona, calmly. "If you choose to risk your life that is your business, not mine."

Her very calmness exasperated him all the more.

She was imprudently throwing fuel upon the fire.

"Everybody remarked your conduct at dinner," exclaimed Darby, controlling himself by a violent effort.

"The fact is, I have been accustomed to the society of gentlemen all my life, and when I come in contact with them, I cannot help being repelled by you. If you were to shut me up, without any friend to visit me, I might learn to appreciate you, though I do not seriously say that such would be the case."

"If Captain Scudamore were a gentleman, he would not insult me in my own house, by making love to my wife," retorted Darby. "But I'll take very good care that he shall soon go out of it."

"Your house!" echoed Mona, her eyes flashing with withering contempt; for this threat of rejecting the captain exasperated her in her turn.

"Who's else is it?"

"Your house!" she repeated. "One word of mine would have the effect of restoring it to its rightful owner. Don't think to brow-beat me. I have the whip-hand there, and on occasion, would show you that I know how to lash your cowardly shoulders."

"Don't talk so loud!" exclaimed Darby, in a voice which trembled with suppressed fury. "What good would it do you to spoil everything? You would fall in the common ruin."

"Perhaps I should feather my nest sufficiently before the storm broke. At all events, don't you threaten me; because that is a species of amusement at which two can play, as I will show you—as indeed, I have shown you already."

"What did you marry me for?" asked Darby.

"For your money, your title—for those worldly advantages which I helped you to attain; certainly, not for yourself!" replied Mona.

"You dare to tell me that?"

"Oh dear, yes; and a great deal more," she said, laughingly.

Darby's passion now burst all bounds, and gained a strength which he was unable to resist.

Seizing her by the arm, he shook her violently, and threw her from him afterwards with all his force.

"Help me! help me! oh! help!" Mona had time to say before she fell, half-stunned, against the staircase.

Captain Scudamore was not a spectator of this disgraceful scene; but he heard the cry for help, and he rushed into the hall in time to see Mona sink upon the oil-cloth.

"Cowardly ruffian!" he ejaculated, looking at Darby.

"Don't come too near me. My blood's up; and I won't answer for the consequences!" shouted Darby.

"Are you hurt?" said the captain, bending over Mona.

"Oh, yes!" she murmured. "My arm pains me and my head. Where is he?"

"Come away, sir. This is no business of yours. Go out of my house this instant, I order you!" exclaimed Darby, in an excited tone. "Go this moment."

The captain hesitated.

"My private quarrels have nothing to do with my guests," continued Darby. "That woman is a false-hearted wife, and you are the cause of it all. Go, sir; you cannot stay after my dismissal, if you wish to be considered an officer and a gentleman."

"I feel bound to protect this lady from your unmanly violence," answered the captain.

"Will you go?" cried Darby, foaming at the mouth.

"If I have your assurance that this scene shall not be repeated."

"I shall give you no assurance of the kind, and if you don't go at once, I shall make you," answered Darby.

"Make me! I don't understand being threatened," said the captain.

"Then you'll understand that," replied Darby, dashing his fist in his face.

Captain Scudamore fell. His brother officers rushed out of the dining-room at the noise, and the commotion amongst the guests was great. The ladies were roused in the drawing-room, and they came out too, making the confusion worse confounded.

"I say this man shall go out of my house," shouted Darby. "He's insulted me. He's been going on with my wife in a way I can't allow, and he shall either go quietly, or be kicked out."

"What a scene!" said one of the ladies, "and what bad taste to pursue such a matter."

"Can you expect anything else from such a man?" said another.

"He has no breeding," rejoined the first speaker.

Captain Scudamore was about to attack Darby, when he recovered from the effects of the blow which had been given him.

His brother officers, however, would not allow him to do so. They told him that he must horsewhip Darby

publicly, but that his proper course now was to leave the house.

Blinded with passion, it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be restrained.

The officers considered that the regiment had been insulted by such behaviour, and decided that they would all take their leave.

This they did as soon as their equipages could be got round to the door.

Mr. and Mrs. Snarley were the only ones who remained.

Darby stood with his arms folded, scowling at everybody, and Mrs. Snarley led Mona upstairs to her bedroom.

Lieutenant Wood said to Darby as he was going away:

"We all regret that this affair should have happened; but since you have taken the law into your own hands in so decided a manner, we feel obliged, as Captain Scudamore's friends, to leave your house, though we are obliged to you for your hospitality."

"Yes, you army fellows can eat and drink when you haven't got to pay for it," replied Darby, rudely.

"That's the sort of speech I might have expected from a man of your stamp," answered Lieutenant Wood. "But I have only myself to blame for it. Good night, Lord Carleton, or Mr. Chiverton, whichever you are."

Darby felt inclined to knock him down, but he had too many friends with him. They would undoubtedly take his part, and if a personal conflict ensued he would get the worst of it.

"You are a set of mean fellows," he said. "I am glad to get rid of you."

The next moment he was alone with Mr. Snarley.

The lawyer suggested an adjournment to the dining-room as he had not yet finished his wine.

"I should get out of this if I were you, my lord," he said.

"What for?" asked Darby.

"What has occurred to-night will get about. Travel: it will improve your mind."

"Confound your impudence, sir," answered Darby, who was in a quarrelsome temper. "Improve your own low mind, and leave mine alone. What have you to do with it?"

"Perhaps I had better go home too," answered Snarley, alarmed.

"The sooner the better," replied Darby.

Mr. Snarley got up from the table, muttering something about "ill-conditioned hounds," and "setting beggars on horseback," then went to find his wife.

Soon afterwards they were driving along the road to Stanton in the lawyer's old-fashioned gig.

(To be continued.)

A RELIC of Martin Luther—namely, his betrothal ring—is just now being restored by a goldsmith at Waldeburg, Prussia. It bears the inscription, "Dr. Martino Luthero—Catherina de Bora, June 13th, 1525," and is adorned on the outside with a crucifix, a ladder, a sword, and a granite stone.

TELEGRAPHS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.—According to a recently published Parliamentary paper, there are in England and Wales 904 telegraph stations used by railways and the public, and 717 stations used only by the railways; the total length of wire under their control being 11,635 miles. In Scotland, there are 270 telegraph stations, with 2,896 miles of wire open to the public and the railways; and Ireland has 63 stations, of which 21 are for the railways exclusively. Besides these there are 2,155 stations belonging to the several telegraph companies, with nearly 80,000 miles of wire and 4,688 of under-sea telegraph cable.

TRAVELING WITH CHLOROFORM.—Another case of death produced by the self-administration of chloroform for the relief of pain has been reported in the daily papers. It has now often happened that persons have inhaled chloroform after having laid themselves down in bed, and have died, not from the direct effects of the anæsthetic, but from suffocation, due to the position assumed during anæsthesia. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the public that the self-use of chloroform must always be highly dangerous, and can scarcely ever be justifiable. We fear that a custom has sprung up of permitting patients labouring under painful diseases of a remittent kind to take chloroform when paroxysms occur; and we would strongly urge that the dangers of such a practice are too great to be incurred on account of any considerations of convenience.

EFFECT OF SEA AIR ON HEART DISEASE.—As the result of considerable calculations, a recent writer in a pamphlet with the highly objectionable title of "Hurried to Death," has given some interesting facts relative to the geographical distribution of heart disease in England. If divided into groups, according to the extent of their sea relations; it will be found

(so it is asserted) that the death-rate from heart disease is in the direct proportion to the degree to which these districts are shut out from the sea breeze. The beneficial action of the sea air on heart complaints appears evident on the examination of details. In the Welsh coast counties there is the least degree of fatality from heart disease, and to these parts the sea has free access, in common with the coast of Cheshire, the parts near the mouth of the Severn, and the coasts of Lincoln and Norfolk.

**THE UTILISATION OF WASTE PRODUCTS.**—We are informed on pretty good authority that the residue from the manufacture of palm oil is by some firms sent off to other merchants in the same or neighbouring towns to be manufactured into butter. The casks of the refuse have an evil smell, so that the workmen are very glad to get them off the premises. By this sign they may be recognised by those of the public who desire to trace their destination, and to furnish the local journals with information on the subject.

**COMPLETION OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.**—The following particulars as to the works in progress at the Cathedral of Cologne have been recently given:—A steam engine of eight horse-power will be used from the commencement of next spring to raise the stones for the tower, instead of the crane hitherto employed. The calculation is that a block weighing  $4\frac{1}{2}$  tons can be raised to the height required by means of this machine in four minutes. The tower is expected to be terminated in seven years and a half. But an important question still remains to be solved as to how the final, which is to complete the spire, should be arranged. Probably a hard stone will be employed, in which case the ornament will necessitate the construction of a scaffolding 525 ft. in height.

## SCIENCE.

**BLASTING GRANITE.**—In one of the granite quarries, near Penryn, worked by Mr. W. Hosken, a large mass of good sound granite, after being carefully cleared of all obstructions, has just been moved from its natural bed some inches, by 50 lb. of blasting powder, confined in a hole 12 ft. deep and 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. in diameter, bored in the rock. The stone measures, at least, 40 ft. by 40 ft. by 12 ft., which equals 19,200 cubic feet, or 1,280 tons, taking 15 ft. cube as equal to one ton.

**A STEREOTYPING machine** has been invented in America, in which each type is made successively to leave its indented impress upon a plastic surface, and when type metal is poured over this surface a stereotype plate is obtained. The motive power required to work this machine is supplied by electricity; but the hand of the operator must determine which letter is successively selected for the impress, which may be done by playing upon keys like those of a piano.

**DISCHARGING ASHES FROM STEAMERS.**—A trial has been made in the smithery at Chatham Dockyard of a new plan for discharging ashes and refuse from the stokeholes of ships through a conveniently-arranged scupper in the vessel's side, by means of a sudden application of steam power. The experimental trials made were considered in all respects satisfactory, and they will be carried out on a still larger scale, with the view to the ultimate adoption of the plan on board all steamships of war.

**GLOSS ON SILK.**—The method of giving an artificial gloss to the woven pieces was invented in 1663. The discovery of the method was due to pure hazard. Octavio Mey, a merchant of Lyons, being one day deep in meditation, mechanically put a small bunch of silk threads into his mouth and began to chew them. On taking them out again into his hand he was struck by the peculiar lustre they had acquired, and was not a little astonished to find that this lustre continued to adhere to the threads even after they had dried. He at once bethought him that there was a secret worth unravelling in this fact, and, being a man of wits, he set himself to study the question.

**ENAMELLING OF IRON VESSELS.**—The enamelling of saucepans and other articles in wrought or cast iron has long been practised; a very fusible enamel, reduced to powder, being sprinkled over the surface of the iron when heated to redness, but as the mixtures employed consist of highly alkaline silicates, the enamel is not very durable, and will not withstand acids or even salt liquids. An improved process has been introduced in France. The metallic surface is brought into contact with the ingredients of ordinary white glass, and heated to vitrification; the iron is said to oxidize by combination with silicic acid, and the glass thus forms one compact body with the metal. The coating of enamel may be laid on as thinly or as thickly as desired, but a thin

coating is better as regards the effect of expansion and dilatation. Experiments are being made in coating armour plates for ships in the manner above indicated.

**THE STAINS OF IODINE.**—Add a few drops of liquid carbolic acid to the iodine tincture, and the latter will not stain. Dr. Boga, of the Indian Service, states that the carbolic acid, besides the above-mentioned property, renders the efficacy of tincture of iodine more certain. Whenever injections of the latter are indicated, he advises the following formula:—Alcoholic tincture of iodine, one ounce (this proportion is mentioned by the *France Médicale*, but there is evidently a mistake—instead of "30 grammes" it should probably be "3 grammes"—viz., 45 drops); pure liquid carbolic acid, six drops; glycerine, one ounce; distilled water, five ounces.

**A NEW SILVER ORE.**—A new mineral, called parizite, was discovered in the district of Mono, California, by Dr. Paris, in 1865; it has recently been analysed by Professor Arenta, and yields 6.12 per cent. of oxide of silver. It is found in amorphous masses of a yellowish colour, or blackish, with a conchoidal fracture; its sp. gr. = 3.4; it melts easily to a black slag, and dissolves partially in acids. It contains:—Oxide of antimony, 47.65; oxide of copper, 32.11; oxide of silver, 6.12; oxide of lead, 2.01; oxide of iron, 2.33; water, 8.29; arsenic, traces. This important mineral forms nodular masses in layers of one-third to upwards of one yard in thickness, accompanied with silver-lead ore.

**GAS MADE BY THE AIR-PUMP.**—Atmospheric air charged with vapour from petroleum refuse, a kind of "gas" not unknown in this country, but now tried in America, and, of course, claimed as an American discovery, has been brought into use in Canada. An air-pump sends a stream of air through a cask of petroleum or paraffine refuse, and the "gas" thus made goes at once to a gasometer and fills it ready for use. The gas is said to be so pure and inodorous that it gives no warning of leakage, and it burns brilliantly. Private dwellings are provided with the apparatus, and make their own gas, as, perhaps, they draw their own water, by a little pumping.

**NEW BORING APPARATUS.**—For some time past an improved boring apparatus, the invention of M. Villepigue, of Autun, has been in use at the collieries of Creusot, Montchanin, and Blaisy, and has, it is said, given excellent results. According to the description given in *La Houille*, the borer proper is held by a screwed shaft, which moves in a collar, capable of turning with it, or remaining fixed against a brake. By this means the progress of the boring tool can be made dependant upon the hardness of the rock; the force applied by the workman to the handle being at all times equal. The weight of the apparatus is only 40 lb., and it can be very easily worked. It is supported by a column, which is capable of being fixed in any position, so as to bring the borer opposite its work. All kinds of rock attackable by steel can be operated upon by this machine, and as the boring-tool has a spiral form the pulverised rock is thrown out of the hole as fast as it is produced. The substantial character of the apparatus, and its non-liability to rupture, entitle it to be considered as one of the best yet introduced. The machine will bore from twelve to fifteen centimetres per minute in ordinary hard limestone.

The youngest member of the House of Commons is Lord E. Fitzmaurice, who is 22 years of age, and who succeeded Mr. Lowe as M.P. for Calne. His lordship is brother of the Marquis of Lansdowne.

**THE LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION.**—It is worth record that the Lifeboat Institution has 189 lifeboat stations round the coasts of the United Kingdom—that in eleven months of the past year 697 lives have been saved by their means, raising the grand total to 17,684—and that the Turkish Government has ordered four lifeboats from a builder at Limehouse.

**A QUEER FREIGHT.**—A very curious additional traffic has lately arisen for the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Ship Company, of which the chairman, Mr. P. D. Hadow, recently gave an interesting account. It is in silkworm eggs. The eggs of silkworms are bringing in the great P. and O. Steam Navigation Company, whose fleet resembles a maritime power, an important new traffic, which is likely to much increase.

**PREFERENCES IN THEIR OWN RIGHT.**—The elevation of Mrs. Disraeli to the peerage, as Viscountess Beaconsfield, reminds us of other ladies whose merits have won for them similar honour. Some of the examples are not without singularity. Lady Bryan was made a baroness by Henry VIII., at the birth of Princess Mary. In 1629 the wife of Chief Justice Richardson was created Countess of Crumdown, with remainder, not to heirs of that name, but to the

children of her first husband, Sir John Ashburton, by his former wife. The husbands of Charles the Second and George the First who were made peeresses are hardly worth mentioning. Lady Castlemaine was made Duchess of Cleveland; Mad'le De Querouaille was made Duchess of Portsmouth, but only for her life. It is said that Nell Gwynne was about to be made Countess of Greenwich. Duchess of Kendall was one of the many titles conferred on Madame de Schulemberg. The widow of Sir Ralph Abercrombie was created Baroness Abercrombie. The widow of Mr. Canning was raised to the rank of viscountess. The wife of Sir John Campbell was made Baroness Stratheden, but their son elected to be summoned to the peerage, after his father's death, by the title to which his father had attained—Lord Campbell. The most singular case of all was that of Miss Wykeham, to whom the Duke of Clarence made an offer, and was refused. On his becoming William the Fourth he showed a gallant respect for the lady by raising her to the dignity of Baroness Wenman, which she still enjoys. Ladies have had other titles than those belonging to the peerage granted to them. In 1685, for instance, Mrs. Bolles was made a baroness, and became Lady Bolles accordingly. We may add, that the mother of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, was, in 1618, made Countess of Buckingham for life.

## LITTLE THINGS.

"SARAH, what does that sad face mean?" Sarah Maitford looked up into her husband's face, and after one or two vain efforts to smile, she bowed her head; and in a moment more a dewy drop fell upon the hand that lay idly toying with the work on her lap.

They were young—George and Sarah Maitford—and had not been married quite two years. It would have been difficult to find two beings who loved one another more truly and devotedly than they did. George was a handsome, gallant man; free and generous to a fault; bold and outspoken; despising falsehood and hypocrisy; and truthful to such a degree that those who knew him well would as soon have doubted their own existence as have thought of doubting him. He was a strong man, too—strong morally and physically—and it must have been a heavy blow indeed that could have caused him to deviate from his wonted course of calm and tranquil self-possession.

Sarah Maitford was one of those rare and beautiful home-blossoms, which need to be dearly loved and tenderly cherished; giving out joy and blessings beneath the influence of the warm sunshine, and able to bear bravely against the clouds and the gloom that came in the natural routine of providence, as night follows the day, and as the clouds and storm come to purify the air; but the cloud that came of neglect rested heavily upon her; and the biting frost that resulted from falsehood or unkindness fell with a blighting touch upon her joy, and gave her heart pangs of keenest agony. She was not a weak woman—far from it; but she was painfully sensitive; and, as we find in nature, many a frost that might fall harmless upon frailer blossoms touched her to the heart with its chilling blight. And yet she was strong—strong in love and faith; and never yet she failed to find the comfort she needed, when she had knelt in confident prayer before the throne of heaven, in whose redeeming power her faith was as firm and enduring as was the native truth of her soul.

"What, crying, too, my little pet! In mercy's name, Sarah, what is it? What has happened?"

"It is nothing, George—nothing."  
"But there must be something. My little wife doesn't cry for nothing. Now tell me, Sarah, are you grieving in this way because I spoke as I did about your going to your mother's?"

His wife was silent, and George knew he had hit the truth. He reflected a few moments, and then he said, laying his hand upon his wife's head as he did so:

"I declare, Sarah, I am surprised. You must have known that I didn't mean anything. You know me well enough to be sure that I could not have meant to wound your feelings."

"And yet, George," replied his wife, looking up through her tears, "you did wound me deeply."

"Why," exclaimed the husband, in pure surprise, "what did I say? I only said that you were your own mistress."

"But, George," said Sarah, with an earnest look, "you know that your tone meant much more. Indeed, I should not have cared for the words alone."

"And the tone, my pet—what did that mean?"

"It meant that my request vexed you; and for the instant, you showed me that you wished I had no mother."



"Sarah!"

"Hush, George! Oh, I don't mean that you held such a sentiment in your heart. No, no—I know you did not; only at the moment the feeling came upon you, and you perceived it. I could not help it, George, indeed I could not."

George Maitland gazed upon his little wife awhile in silence, and during that time he was acknowledging to himself that he did sometimes speak rather hastily and perhaps harshly; though heaven knew he never meant to do so.

"Sarah," he said, at length, in a softened, tender tone, "I wish you could know how much I love you."

"Oh! I do know it, George! I do know it!" she cried, starting forward, and throwing her arms around his neck. And as she resumed her seat, she added: "If I did not know how fondly you loved me I should not suffer so much from these little things."

"My darling wife," returned the husband, seriously, "you must pardon me if I say that you are really foolish."

"How so, George?"

"In noticing these little things."

"But how can I help it, George?"

"You can surely hold yourself above being pained by them, my love."

"No, no, George," replied the gentle wife, slowly shaking her head. "I know they are things—some of them—so slight that a woman less sensitive might never notice that they had occurred; but I cannot help the pain they give me."

"Why do you think of them, Sarah? Surely they are not worth it."

"Ah, but they pain me, and I cannot help thinking."

"And do you ever think of all the joys and comforts that are yours, at such times? Do you, when dwelling upon one of these little notes in the atmosphere of home, think how I love you, and how much I am ever anxious to do for your good? Do you think of these things, my dear wife?"

"Yes, George; and it makes the little pain all the more acute. Oh, do not blame me. Surely I would overcome the disposition if I could; for I am the sufferer. But how can I? Pain is pain, and a little pain is as unendurable, so far as peace of mind is concerned, as is a great pain. It attracts the mind, and banishes joy while it lasts."

"All that may be true, Sarah; but wherefore let the pain come? Goodness gracious! what need is there of letting one of these little things annoy you at all? Cast it off."

"Dear George," pleaded the wife, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "since you see that these little things pain me, why cannot you cast them off? Oh! if you could only see it as I do—if you could only know how painfully those sharp, harsh words sink into my heart, I know you would try to break yourself of the habit. You don't know how often you speak words that make me unhappy. Yet they are so slight, and so seemingly meaningless, that I cannot mention them; so I hide my face and bear them in secret. Oh, husband, you do know, don't you, that you sometimes speak quickly and—and—Oh, I know you do not mean it—I know you are often fretted and troubled with business—but sometimes your words are really unkind. But I will try not to notice them."

"That is right, my pet," said George, patting his wife upon the head. "Break yourself of noticing every little word I say. I'm sure you would be the gainer by it."

There the conversation ended. George Maitford kissed his little wife, and with the robust carolling of an old song he went away to his business.

For full half-an-hour after her husband had gone Sarah Maitford sat where he had left her, her head bowed, and the ends of the fingers of her right hand pressed upon that upper region of the brow where phrenologists have placed the reflective faculties.

"To-morrow George has appointed for our walk."

The words fell from her lips at the end of the half-hour; and while the shade of thought upon her brow grew deeper, the ends of her fingers were removed to a point nearer her temple, where the bump of constructiveness is situated. Thus she sat for ten or fifteen minutes more; then, with a quiet, meaning smile breaking over her beautiful face, she arose and went into another room, and brought forth a light new patent-leather boot. With her steel bodkin she made a tiny hole directly in the centre of the hollow place, on the inside of the boot, where the heel rests, having done which she took a small pin from the cushion, which, with an old pair of shears, she managed to cut off within an eighth of an inch of the head. Then she took the little pin-head-tack thus produced, and set the point in the hole she had made in the heel-socket of the boot, and with the top of the fire-shovel she drove it in until only the

bare head was left above the surface of the smooth leather. Having accomplished this great achievement, Mrs. Maitford carried the boot back to its proper place, and then went about her usual household duties.

The next day came, bright and beautiful: and as George arose from the breakfast-table, he remarked: "By-the-way, Sarah, we had appointed this afternoon for our walk."

"Yes, George—can you go?"

"Certainly, my pet. And you'd better have dinner a little earlier than usual. It will be a splendid afternoon, and we mustn't be in a hurry."

So the dinner was ready and eaten before one o'clock; and before two the happy pair had set forth, Sarah carrying a little basket, in which were a few choice refreshments, while George bore a fishing-rod and a light fowling-piece.

"Oh! isn't this delightful!" cried Sarah, as they emerged from the village into the open country.

"It is very fine, truly."

A short distance farther, and then Sarah inquired: "What's the matter, George?"

"It seems to me," muttered George, in a hesitating, petulant manner, "that something's the matter with my boot!"

"What is it?"

"There's something under my heel."

George stopped, and worked his foot up and down in his boot.

"It can't be much, George, certainly."

"Good gracious! but it's enough to hurt me though."

"Oh, it's nothing but your imagination! I wouldn't pay any attention to it."

George walked a little farther and stopped again.

"What is it, George?"

"By Jove! I must find what's the matter with my boot. I can't stand it any longer!"

And down he sat upon a stone by the wayside; and soon, with his wife's assistance, had his boot off.

"A-ha! there it is!" he cried—drawing forth the tiny pin-head, with the bit of shank attached; but it had come out so easily that it did not at first strike him that the little pest had been put there purposely.

"What!" exclaimed Sarah, taking the offending pin, while her husband pulled on his boot; "such a little thing as that! And couldn't you endure that tiny thing?"

"Endure it?" echoed the husband; "I should think not."

"Well, I must say, George, I think you are very foolish."

"Foolish, Sarah? How so, pray?"

"In noticing such a little thing as that."

"But how can I help it, I should like to know?"

"Why—I should think you might hold yourself above being pained by a tiny thing like that."

"My little wife, allow me to suggest that you are the foolish one. A tough old clod-hopper, with the soles of his feet like leather, might bear it; but I assure you I cannot. When a thing pains me that is enough."

"Aye; but suppose you were determined that you would not think of it. How much of pain comes from thinking of things until our imagination—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted the husband. "When a thing really hurts you, I should like to know how you're going to help thinking of it?"

"Why," said Sarah, philosophically, "it strikes me that a man possessing so much of good—so much calculated to please him—with everything at hand for enjoyment that he could ask for—with blessings so numerous that half his friends really envy him—with a form that sets off garments to so much advantage, and with garments fitting to a fault—it seems to me that such a man might forget so insignificant a thing as the head of a little pin in the heel of his boot."

"My dear wife," declared George, arising from the stone and gathering up his rod and fowling-piece, "it strikes me that you are slightly demented. Pain is pain," he went on, in an explanatory sort of manner; "and any pain that attracts the mind must be, while it continues, destructive of peace and comfort. So far as real quiet peace of mind is concerned, a man may as well have a mill-stone hanged about his neck as to have a pebble in his boot."

"Well, well, George," replied Sarah, meekly, "I don't know but you are right after all. Still, if you could contrive to break yourself of paying attention to such trifles, I am sure you would be the gainer by it."

"Why, my goodness gracious! would you have me—"

He stopped suddenly, and the speech ended in a prolonged whistle.

"Sarah, have you got the pin-head?"

"Yes, George."

"Let me take it."

She gave it to him, and he folded it up in a bit of paper, and put it carefully away in his purse.

They reached the river without farther pains of any kind, where Sarah picked wild flowers and evergreens, while George caught a string of perch, and shot a brace of ducks. It was a happy season, and the measure of their enjoyment was full to the brim.

This was Saturday. On the following day Sarah paid the penalty of her afternoon's enjoyment with a severe headache; and it was so bad that she dared not venture out to church. George would go, however, unless his wife would like his company at home.

Oh, no, no—not for anything would she have him stay away from church on such an account. She would prefer to know that their pew was occupied.

George got ready, and when the time came for him to set forth, he went to his wife's side and kissed her. Then he placed a tiny package in her hand, saying, as he did so:

"Darling, it was a very little thing; but it was sufficient to convey the lesson intended. I accept it, my precious wife; and henceforth I will believe that a wife's heart may be as tender and sensitive as her husband's heel!"

He kissed her again, and hurried away. When he had gone, Sarah undid the parcel. There were many coverings, and as she cast them off, one by one, the packet grew smaller and smaller until at length she held in her hand only the tiny pin-head which she had put into her husband's boot on the day before! She gazed upon it a long time with tearful eyes, but with a joyously beating heart; for she felt, deep down in her soul, that her husband had not spoken lightly.

"And how is your headache, darling?" asked George, after his wife had met him with a fond embrace on his return from church.

She started, and looked for a moment with a vacant stare up into his face. And then it struck her that her headache had gone.

"Gone!" she said; "and yet I did not think of it until now."

"But don't you know when it left you?"

"Yes—I think, aye—I am sure—it went away while I was weeping?"

"Weeping, darling?"

"Oh, with joy, my precious husband—with joy!"

He knew what she meant and questioned her no farther.

Weeks—months—years, rolled away into the sum of their past life, and the simple life-lesson was not forgotten. George Maitford had learned to see that pain was pain, no matter how it came, nor in what measure; and that perfect joy could not exist therewith; and he was ever afterwards very careful to cast no cloud upon the life of the gentle being who looked to him for so much of her earthly happiness.

T. C. J.

THE SIAMESE TWINS left New York on December 5, in the steamer Iowa, en route for Glasgow. Owing to their pecuniary losses by the late war they purpose exhibiting in Great Britain a few weeks before being surgically separated. If the operation proves successful, Mr. Chang will revisit his native Siam, Mr. Eng returning to the United States.

ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE.—It is probable that the attention of the new Parliament will be drawn to the Royal Naval Reserve, which is now being maintained at a cost of 200,000*l.* a year for a force of 16,000 men, a very small proportion of whom, it is feared, would be forthcoming if war were declared. Besides which consideration, it is evident that in a very short time the first batch of Reserve men will be entitled to pensions at the rate of from 12*l.* to 20*l.* per annum, which will amount probably to an additional 160,000*l.* per annum, a sum which will, of course, form a portion of the dead weight of the expenditure.

BRITISH PREMIERS FROM 1754 TO 1868.—The following is a list of British Premiers during the last 114 years, with the dates of their appointment and the time they were in office:—April 5, 1754, Duke of Newcastle, 8 years 52 days; May 29, 1762, Earl of Bute, 322 days; April 16, 1763, G. Greville, 2 years 87 days; July 12, 1765, Marquis of Rockingham, 1 year 21 days; August 2, 1766, Duke of Grafton, 8 years 179 days; January 23, 1770, Lord North, 12 years 34 days; March 3, 1782, Marquis of Rockingham, 132 days; July 13, 1782, Earl of Shelburne, 266 days; April 5, 1783, Duke of Portland, 260 days; December 27, 1783, William Pitt, 17 years 80 days; March 17, 1801, Lord Sidmouth, 8 years 56 days; May 12, 1804, William Pitt, 1 year, 246 days; January 8, 1806, Lord Granville, 1 year 64 days; March 13, 1807, Duke of Portland, 3 years 102 days; June 23, 1810, Spencer Percival, 1 year 350 days; June 8, 1812, Earl of Liverpool, 14 years 307 days; April

11, 1827, George Canning, 121 days; August 10, 1827, Lord Goderich, 108 days; January 25, 1828, Duke of Wellington, 2 years 301 days; November 22, 1830, Earl Grey, 3 years 231 days; July 11, 1834, Lord Melbourne, 128 days; November 16, 1834, Duke of Wellington, 22 days; December 8, 1834, Sir Robert Peel, 131 days; April 18, 1835, Lord Melbourne, 6 years 139 days; September 3, 1841, Sir Robert Peel, 4 years 87 days; December 10, 1845, Lord John Russell, 18 days; December 21, 1845, Sir Robert Peel, 180 days; June 26, 1846, Lord John Russell, 5 years 239 days; February 22, 1852, Earl of Derby, 300 days; December 19, 1852, Earl of Aberdeen, 2 years 45 days; February 5, 1855, Lord Palmerston, 8 years 17 days; February 21, 1858, Earl of Derby, 1 year 111 days; June 13, 1859, Lord Palmerston, 6 years 128 days; October 20, 1865, Earl Russell, 249 days; June 27, 1866, Earl of Derby, 1 year 238 days; February 25, 1868, Mr. Disraeli, 291 days; December 3, 1868, Mr. Gladstone. It will be seen from the above statement, that only five Governments since 1754 have exceeded that of Lord Palmerston's in duration viz. the Duke of Newcastle, Lord North, William Pitt, Earl of Liverpool, and Lord Melbourne's.

## MICHEL-DEVER.

### CHAPTER LXXIX.

THE solemn and stately ceremony of the church was gone through with in a most impressive manner, and the two who had in youth been so cruelly separated by an unscrupulous man were at last linked together by ties that only death might separate.

Congratulations were offered, and the buzz of conversation became general.

Walter Thorne held himself a little aloof, but Claire saw that he was furtively watching her, even when he affected to be engaged in conversation with Alice, and she wondered if he suspected her incognito. A glance in a mirror reassured her: for in the brilliant woman of the world reflected from its surface she could see nothing to recall the Claire of other days.

Thorne managed to place himself opposite to the woman who so strangely interested him, that he might watch her mobile face and trace the resemblance to his repudiated wife of which Miss Digby had spoken. He found nothing to remind him of his lost Claire, save the colour of the hair and eyes, and an occasional tone in the voice, which thrilled through him as a strain of music once loved and familiar, but long unheard.

In the centre of the table stood the bride's cake, an elaborate structure, highly ornamented, which had been ordered by Mr. Balfour. That gentleman called on Thorne to cut it, and laughingly said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the mystic cake of fate; imbedded in it are two rings obtained from a clairvoyant who declared that the gentleman and lady who respectively draw them are designed for each other. That both may not fall into the hands of the same sex, the sides of the cake in which they are to be found are appropriately embellished. Under the Cupid crowned with flowers the feminine ring will be found. On the opposite one, beneath the Bacchus wreathed with grapes, is the other."

This announcement caused quite a sensation among the guests, and one of the gentlemen remarked:

"The chances are not equal, Mr. Balfour, for there are at least two gentlemen to one lady present."

"What of that, my dear fellow? Fate is too strong for us all, and if you are to be the lucky man, the ring would be yours if there were a thousand chances against you. Do your part, Mr. Thorne, and present the slices of destiny to the ladies, and I will do the same for the gentlemen."

There were two young ladies present from the village, they were spending the summer there with their brother, and on the strength of a romantic intimacy formed with Alice, they had been invited to be present. Blushing and smiling, they pressed towards the cake, eager to see what the result would be; Miss Araminta Jones earnestly hoping that the rings might fall respectively to herself and a dashing young man from London, who had been very attentive to her since they met at the seaside, and her sister equally desirous that chance or destiny might give them to herself and a diletto lover she was trying to bring to a proposal.

"Is! Mr. Balfour, you don't suppose there will really be anything in it, if the rings should be drawn?" lisped Miss Araminta. "We won't be bound to take each other, you know, whether we like or not."

With mock gravity he replied:

"I have every reason to believe that these rings are messengers of fate, and those who draw them must abide the consequences."

"La, how horrid! I don't think I shall tempt destiny then, for I might get paired off with someone I should not fancy."

And she glanced scornfully at a red-haired young man, who had been for several weeks past making strenuous efforts to establish himself in her good graces.

"I cannot allow that, Miss Jones. It will never do to shirk destiny and defy the fates," was the laughing response. "See this sacrificial knife: it will soon make as important revelations as those of the Roman augurs;" he plunged the glittering blade into the heart of the cake, and cut through the portion in which the confectioner had assured him the ring was to be found.

Thorne did the same on the opposite side, and amid much laughter and gay badinage the baskets were piled up with snowy slices, and that belonging to the ladies was snowed first.

The fair hand of Miss Jones fluttered over it uncertainly, and she said:

"My goodness! it is like having one's fortune told."

"It is like a lottery in which there is but one prize to a number of blanks," said her sister. "Come, Minty, take your choice and let somebody else have a chance."

Thus urged, the fair Araminta daintily lifted a piece, and the next moment broke it into small bits, with an air of vexed disappointment, which caused the red-haired young man to smile scornfully, for he was human, and he resented the speech she had pointedly made towards himself.

The sister followed with the same result; Alice then drew unsuccessfully, and as Louise declared herself too young to take a chance in such a lottery as that, the basket was offered to Claire. She carelessly put out her hand, scarcely glancing around, for she was talking at the moment with one of her new admirers, and took up the first piece she touched.

Holding it in her hand, she turned again to resume the conversation, but Mr. Balfour gaily asked:

"How is it Madame L'Epine? Are you the fortunate winner? I am curious to know, for the clairvoyant described to me the person who would draw the ring, and if she were a true seer, it has fallen to you."

Claire blushed slightly, broke open the slice of cake, and took from it a gold ring, on which were two enamelled hearts twined together with a wreath of forget-me-nots. She held it up with a smile, and said:

"There it is, sure enough; but I scarcely expected a 'grave seigneur' like yourself, Mr. Balfour, to attempt such a piece of legerdemain as this. Did you really and truly consult with a wise woman, and lay this trap for your unsuspecting guests?"

He laughed, shook his head, and said:

"You must not be too inquisitive, lady fair. You are the prize to be contended for now, and I look for an animated contest on the part of the gentlemen for the possession of the other magic circlet. Ha! the distribution is already made, for but one piece is left for Thorne. As he has no choice he must take that."

No sooner had Claire displayed her ring than many hands were put forth to select from the contents of the other basket, for each one was anxious to obtain what might at least entitle him to an animated flirtation with the attractive stranger. Many exclamations of chagrin were heard, and the voice of Thorne arose above them all, saying:

"Behold! the last shall be first—the prize is mine!" and he held up a heavy hoop of gold, on which was engraved an altar from which a flame was ascending. "I only hope that you have not been hoaxed by the story of the Sibyl, Balfour. If she be a true prophet, I shall regard myself as the most fortunate of men."

He glanced at Claire as he spoke, and saw that she had become deadly pale. He offered her a glass of water across the table and respectfully said:

"Pardon me, madam! I had no idea that our nonsense could move you so deeply. It was, I who suggested this folly to our host, and by a pardonable ruse I possessed myself of the ring. I felt the knife grate against it when I cut into the cake, and therefore I left the others to choose before me. I knew that it was to be found in the first piece laid in the plate, but if I had dreamed that by appropriating it myself I was doing what would cause you to feel annoyance, I should not have proclaimed the unfair victory I have won."

Claire recovered her self-possession, and the colour came back to her face, as she smilingly said:

"I am too sceptical by nature to place faith in the oracle, even if the trial had been fairly made. It was a pleasant device to give interest to the drawing, but its significance amounts to nothing in my estimation, nor is yours, I am sure."

She looked up at him as she spoke, and bewildered by the expression of those speaking eyes, he involuntarily rejoined:

"I wish to heaven it did! but as you say, it is all nonsense. So much the worse for me."

"So much the better, I should say," was the indifferent reply.

And she turned again towards the gentleman with whom she had been conversing, and resumed the discussion the drawing had interrupted.

Miss Jones eagerly said:

"If you did not get the ring fairly, Mr. Thorne, I think there should be another trial."

"I am sorry to differ from a lady, but I cannot agree with you. If the fates meant my rivals to win, they would have suggested to them that a hasty scramble for the first piece they could grasp was not the way to do it. I gave them every chance, to cheat me of the ring, but as they left it to me, I accept the goods the gods provide and am duly thankful."

He ostentatiously placed it on his finger and held up his hand for general inspection.

"The widow seems very indifferent about appropriating her prize," said the dandy, glancing towards the ring which Claire had dropped beside her plate, apparently forgetful of what had just passed.

Though this conversation passed in guarded tones, Thorne overheard every word, and he felt a strong inclination to treat Miss Araminta as Othello did his bride, and put as summary an end to her admirer in a less humane fashion.

The party soon afterwards returned to the parlour; to the annoyance of Thorne, Claire was still monopolised by Mr. Norton, and he was glad when music was asked for. After some solicitation, she arose and went to the piano, followed by her new admirer. She played very brilliantly, but as if she were getting through a task she had set for herself, rather than as if she found any enjoyment in it.

Thorne placed himself where he could watch her without making it obvious that he was doing so, and the expression of vague sadness that settled on her features interested him more than he would have cared to have been known. In seeking a renewal of friendly relations with Ada, his chief object was to learn something of Claire, that he might judge of the chances of success with her if he offered, at this late day, the only amends in his power; but now he felt that the desire to reclaim her was slowly ebbing away from him, and in its place was arising a powerful, an irresistible, inclination to try his chances with the new charmer thrown by fate upon his path.

At the request of Mr. Norton, the fair musician sang, but she chose operatic music, and in the highly cultivated voice that filled the room there was little to remind one of the fresh clear tones to which her early adorer had once listened entranced.

Thorne at length drew near the piano, and asked if she ever sang ballads. Could she sing for him, "Bonnie Doon," or, "Nannie, wilt thou gang wi me?"

Claire glanced up at him with a slightly startled expression, for the last-named song had many associations connected with it, which were intimately blended with that past in which he had played so conspicuous a part. She saw nothing in his face to alarm her, and carelessly replied:

"They do not suit my style, and I rarely attempt to sing ballads now. Alice excels in Scotch music, and she will go through her repertoire if you ask her. Her voice is exactly suited to do justice to Burns' songs."

She arose as she spoke, and beckoned Alice to her. She came rather reluctantly, for she anticipated the request about to be made, and rather shrank from singing after the performance which had just ended.

She uttered some faint objections, but Alice knew it was her duty to entertain their guests to the best of her ability, and she finally took the seat Claire had vacated. The latter drew forward a large book, and said:

"Mr. Norton will look out the music for you, we chere, and I have no doubt that your simple songs will be more highly appreciated than my scientific ones."

Having thus disposed of her too devoted cavalier, Claire approached the bride, and after talking gaily with the circle around her a few moments, she effected her escape from the room.

The heat of the room oppressed her, and she took refuge in the portico, which was quite deserted. A bright moon was shining over sea and land, with a few gossamer clouds low down in the horizon, from which faint flashes of summer lightning came at intervals. The tide was coming in, and with it came the first stirring of the sea breeze, and the buoyant air fanned her hot temples, and allayed the quick throbbing in them, which had begun to be almost intolerable.

A comfortable chair stood in a recess beside the



door, and she sank down in it with a weary sigh, fervently hoping that no other straggler would come out to break the calm silence of the night with the chatter about nothing, which usually forms the staple of conversation when comparative strangers meet together in such reunions as the one from which she had just escaped. Mechanically Claire played with the ring she had that night placed upon her hand, unconscious of the nervous motion of her fingers, till the tiny links of gold that seemed to bind the enamelled hearts together broke and hung loosely from them. She looked at it a moment, regretfully, and then muttered:

"It is ominous of the past and of the future. Our hearts can never be bound in any permanent union. Oh! that false, false man! If he could be true to any one creature—to any one purpose, I might trust him again! But he will not. He never will!"

She bowed her head upon her hands, and remained buried in bitter reverie for many moments. When she looked up, at the sound of an approaching step, she saw that the man of whom she had been so hardly thinking was standing within a few feet of her.

Thorne courteously said:

"Pardon me, Madame L'Epine, I had no intention of intruding on the solitude you seem to prefer; if you bid me do so, I will return at once to the parlour. I must say, however, that it has lost its only attraction for me since you deserted it. I have a great deal to say to you, if I apprehend rightly the hint you gave me last evening, when we sat on this spot."

Claire felt as if a hand had suddenly clasped her heart, but she calmly replied:

"If you really wish information on a certain subject, I can give you much that may be of vital interest to you."

"I certainly do wish to know all that you can tell me. The night is very beautiful—we are liable to interruption here every moment, and if you will walk with me half an hour on the beach, I shall feel both honoured and grateful."

Claire hesitated a moment, but finally said:

"I will go in and get my mantilla, and rejoin you in a few moments."

She came back after a brief absence, with shrouding folds of black lace wrapped over her head and face in such a way as to conceal her features as much as possible. From the glimpse he had of them, Thorne thought they were very pale, but that might be the effect of the moonlight, or the contrast between her complexion and the sombre cloud in which she had enveloped herself.

They went out in the still moonlight together—the long-severed husband and wife: he unconscious of the proximity of the being he had once so adoringly loved; she alternately repelled by, and attracted towards him.

It was near midnight, and at that hour there were no loiterers on the sands. Not a word was exchanged between them till they gained the smooth surf-beaten strand, on which the sea was rolling up in waves crested with silvery foam. Claire could not have spoken, even if she had not determined that Thorne should first do so, for she was trying to overcome the thrilling agitation she felt, when he drew her arm beneath his own. The last time they had thus walked beneath the light of a summer moon, they were wedded lovers; and in her heart, at least, not one disloyal thought or feeling had then found a place.

With this attractive woman leaning on his arm, Thorne found it very difficult to commence his inquiries concerning that other one in whom he had lately felt an interest. He, at length, said:

"I was surprised to learn from Mrs. Balfour that you are a member of the Courtney family. Not nearly related to them, however, I believe?"

"My mother was a Miss Courtney. I am as nearly related to them as Claire Lapiere is," she briefly replied.

"And you know Rose—my Rosebud, as I used to call her. You met with her, and can tell me something of the brilliant career, I am told, she has run in Paris."

"If you really care to hear of her triumphs, I could prove to you, perhaps, that the gem you cast away only needed a rich setting to show all its worth and beauty; but do you really wish to hear of your repudiated wife, Mr. Thorne?"

"I should care to listen to anything from your lips, Madame L'Epine, for you attract and charm me more than anyone I have known for years. Till very lately, I had a strong wish to seek Claire again, and prove to her how deeply I was sinned against when I was, in a manner, compelled to give her up. But I confess to you that, since I have met with you, the desire to win my way again into her favour has ceased to be the ruling wish of my wayward heart."

It is not right, I know, but it is my misfortune to be guided by impulse, and I would not offer a new wrong to my injured wife by asking her to accept my hand, if I could not give back to her the love I once felt for her."

Claire suddenly withdrew the hand that rested upon his arm, and disadvisedly said:

"You are no longer a boy, but a man capable of estimating the imperious nature of such a claim as Claire has upon you. You are bound to her by every tie of honour; you should make up to her for all she has suffered through you, yet you are capable of being turned from the sacred path of duty by a penchant for one for whom you can feel but a passing interest. Claire might have married brilliantly, but she refused all offers; and what could have led her to do that, but the hope of a future reunion with you?"

"Why should she have cherished such a delusion, when I was fettered hopelessly for so many years? Claire has enjoyed them far more than I have. She, doubtless, cast from her heart all regrets, and made herself happy in the gay sphere to which her brother introduced her. If I asked her to give up her position as a queen of fashion, in all probability, she would refuse."

"No, she would not, if she believed that the old love had never died out in your heart. Convince her of that, and she will forgive all—all; and she has much to condone."

"True; so much that I doubt the wisdom of seeking to renew our former relations. I do not know how to play the part of the penitent gracefully. I should find myself in a false position, and within the last twenty-four hours I have found a dozen arguments against our re-union; for every one I found in favour of it before that time."

"You have then ceased to love her?"

And the voice of Claire was low and troubled:

"Was it not my duty to do so when I claimed another woman as my wife? The love that has been buried for seventeen long years is not likely to flash up into a sudden flame again. I was wretchedly unhappy in my last marriage, but I confess that it was as much my fault as that of Agnes. I bitterly resented the force that was used against me, but I yielded to it. Claire will not be likely to forgive me for that, or consent to resume the position I lately thought of offering her, without making me feel too much humiliated by her acceptance of it?"

"And you think only of yourself, not of her—of her who has—"

She suddenly broke down, and Thorne looked earnestly at her, trying to gain a view of her face; but she held her mantilla too closely over it to allow him a glimpse of her agitated features.

After a pause, he said:

"I may be selfish, madam—I fear that I am—but it is a fault shared with the most of my sex. Till lately, I thought a great deal of my Rosebud, and wished to do what was possible towards effecting a reconciliation between her and myself; but a new influence has come into my life, and I must blindly follow it, whether for good or for evil. You, at least, should pardon me, for you are responsible for this change in my plans."

"And you will not seek that forsaken one—you will not sue to her for forgiveness?" she almost passionately asked.

"Madam, in the present state of my feelings, I dare not. I am a man to love utterly or not at all. A woman forced on my acceptance by a sense of duty would be as hateful to me as that one became to whom my father compelled me to give my hand. Claire is happier in her freedom than I could now make her."

She stood silent a moment, and then, in clear, resonant tones, said:

"Mr. Thorne, you have this night cast from you, a second time, the supreme blessings of life—true love and the happiness that springs from it. I shall speak no more of Claire. Let her name be buried in the oblivion to which you have consigned her memory. Since the mission I voluntarily undertook has failed, let us return to the house—we have nothing more to say to each other."

"On the contrary, I have a great deal to say to you, madam, but in your present mood I will not damage my own cause by speaking more plainly. I will only say that, as you wear the ring which Mr. Balfour declared to be that of fate, I dare to hope that it may prove a mystic link between us, to be strengthened in time, till a more perfect union than those which have formerly bound me is accomplished."

Claire laughed aloud, but she shuddered at the same time, and held up the hand on which she had placed the ring.

"See," she said, "the chain that bound the hearts together is broken. Is not that ominous of what would be the result if I consented to listen to you?"

Thorne took her hand in his own, and, after a glance at the loosened chain, said:

"The rivet has only fallen out—that can easily be replaced. If you will allow me, I will take it away with me and have it repaired. I shall take care this time to have the chain so securely fastened that the twin hearts will be irrevocably bound to each other."

"And in that condition, I suppose, you wish me to accept them as a type of destiny?" she mockingly asked.

"Certainly, as manifest destiny," he replied, with a smile which many women had found irresistible.

"Oh, the vanity of man! Let us go in, Mr. Thorne. I came out with you to plead a cause, not to have love made to me by a man who should consider himself bound."

"Bound to what? A dead love and a fantastic notion of honour! Pardon me, Madame L'Epine, but I think you carry your ideas of my obligations to Claire too far. She has made herself very happy while absent from me, and I cannot see that I am called on to sacrifice myself to her at this late day."

"Let us dismiss this subject, if you please," said Claire. "My friend is the last woman in the world to accept a sacrifice from you—certainly not so grave a one as giving up a passing fancy would be."

"Madam, you are severe."

"Only just, Mr. Thorne."

As they walked towards the house the conversation continued in the same strain, with little advantage on either side; but when they reached the gate, Thorne asked:

"Shall I take the ring, madam, and have the refractory links bound together in indissoluble union?"

Claire held up her hand with a coquettish gesture, and with a laugh, said:

"Yes, you may serve me so far, but do not imagine that those hearts of gold represent either yours or mine."

"I perceive that they have taken some impressions from the enameller's art, as yours and mine have from the hand of fate; but the gold is beneath, Madame L'Epine. In mine, it is doubtless mingled with dross; but in yours, I believe it will be found pure."

"Do not trust to that. My nature has as much alloy as that of most others, but its worst trait is coquetry. If you madly choose to enter the lists, you may try your chances; but I warn you that I shall avenge the cause of the forsaken Claire before I have done with you."

"I shall risk it at all events, madam; and I hope to win such a place in your favour, that you will have no desire to relinquish me till the final end of all earthly love and hate is reached in—the grave."

"Do you really presume to say that you could be constant to anyone—to anything?"

"I shall be to you, lady fair."

They reached the house in time to find the company dispersing, and soon afterwards Claire found herself alone in her apartment. She surveyed her pale face in the mirror, and with starting tears, murmured:

"He has settled his own fate, and mine! Ah! how different it might have been, had I found truth and constancy in his reckless and volatile nature. I will win the place I have vowed to regain, and then—"

She trembled, and burst into tears.

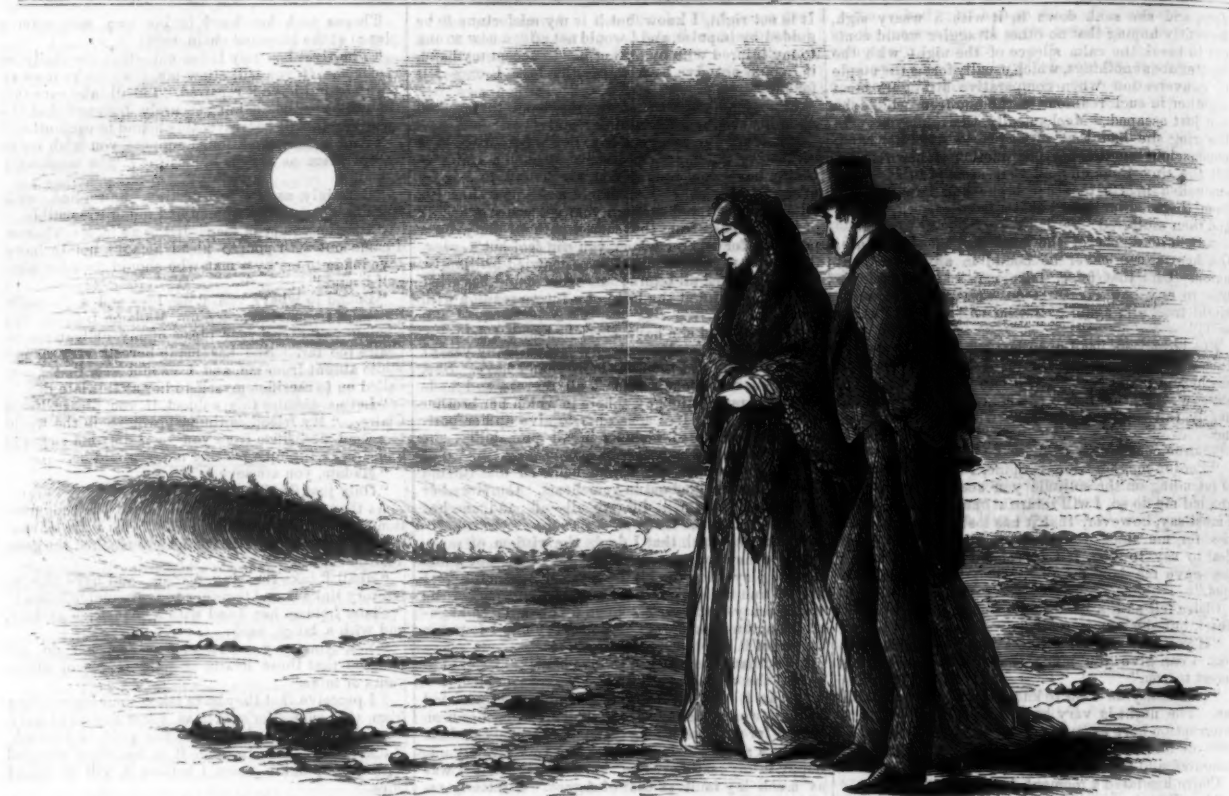
#### CHAPTER LXXX.

THE season was at its height, and a gay and brilliant crowd had assembled in search of pleasure more than of health. There were many beautiful women, but among them Claire shone pre-eminent for her charms of person and manner, and also for the elegance of her toilette.

Even before the appearance on the scene of the one person she wished to fascinate, and make wretched by her flirtations with others, she had been declared the queen of beauty by the men, and that of fashion by the women. The Parisian dresses, her laces and jewels, were the admiration and despair of her feminine rivals, for nothing so elegant could be obtained, without the expenditure of a small fortune.

It was asserted that she was enormously rich, and that, of course, added to the prestige. If it had been whispered to Walter Thorne that the woman who received all the homage laid at Claire's feet, with the air of one born to conquer, was the simple-hearted maid of the valley who had met with such treatment at his hands, he could not have been induced to believe it. Among all her adorers he was the most infatuated, the most earnest in pursuit, and the least considered.

Claire tantalised him, held him at arm's length, and made him so furiously jealous at times that he felt almost tempted to destroy both her and himself. Then she would suddenly devote herself to him, raise



## [OPENING THE CAMPAIGN.]

him to the seventh heaven of hope, only to dash him down again into the darkness of doubt and despair.

Thorne was no match for her in the game they were playing, for she was an adept, and he but a tyro. She tortured him as she declared she would, but kept him to his allegiance by skilfully holding out the belief that she preferred him above all her other adorers, and, after a sufficient probation, she might reward him with the hand he so eagerly solicited—of the heart that should have gone with it, she made no mention.

Mrs. Balfour watched her career with doubt and disapprobation, but Claire would listen to no remonstrance, and always declared that the end should be satisfactory to her friend. When Ada consulted with her husband as to what steps could be taken to induce her to have some care for her future happiness with the man she so adroitly tormented, he could only shake his head, and say:

"We have no right to interfere; they must settle their affairs in their own way, and in my opinion Thorne is only getting what he deserves. I never saw a man so madly in love, or so blind to the truth as he is. He has not a suspicion that he is desperately in love with his own wife; for, if the command of heaven means anything, it is to be understood literally, and your friend actually stands in that relation to him."

"So she has always insisted. I only wish I dared to give him a hint of the true state of the case."

"It is too late now for that," replied Mr. Balfour, gravely. "You might do more mischief than good. It will be best not to interfere in any way with their affairs, Ada. Since we agreed to keep her secret, we are bound to do so to the end. You have enough to do to watch over our Alice and Louise, without annoying yourself about two people who are old enough to take care of themselves."

"True; but it seems to me that they are both sharpening weapons hereafter to be used against themselves. I take a deep interest in Claire, and in spite of Walter's faults, I think there is good in him, which the influence of a true affection would develop. If she would only see this, and become the Angel of Salvation to him, they might yet be as happy together as—as you and I are."

Mr. Balfour raised her hand to his lips and said:

"Thank you for your last words, my dear; but you and I are very different from those passionate and impulsive creatures. What affords us quiet happiness would be deadly monotony to them. I repeat, let them settle their affairs their own way, for neither you nor I can do anything to induce them to take the same view of life as we do."

Alice came in looking very bright and pretty in a fresh evening dress, ornamented with flowers. Louise followed her in a plain white muslin and blue ribbons. She triumphantly said:

"See, mother, is not my sister's dress in perfect taste? We arranged the flowers ourselves, and I expect you and papa to say that it is beautiful."

"It is indeed charming," said her father, "and very becoming too, I must say. I am afraid my little Alice will be setting herself up for a belle among the juniors."

"There is no need to set herself up at all, when others have done it for her," said Louise, half indignantly. "Alice is as much admired as Madame L'Epine. Our party has borne away the palm this season, at all events."

"Then you are pleased with your sister's success, *petite*?"

Louise blushed slightly.

"Of course, I am; and it is ungenerous in you to refer to my former naughtiness. My mother has made me ashamed of cherishing so mean a passion as jealousy."

Mr. Balfour kissed her, and said:

"Pardon me, my pet: I did not mean to wound you. I knew that the good seed was planted, but I did not know that it had so soon blossomed and borne fruit."

"Mamma is like a Japanese juggler. She produces miracles in the moral, as they do in the floral kingdom," said Louise, nestling down on the sofa beside Mrs. Balfour. "I cannot be so lovely and fascinating as Madame L'Epine and Alice are, but I can be good and useful, as my mother is, which will be better."

Mrs. Balfour passed her hand caressingly over her rippling hair, and smilingly said:

"Don't be too humble in your estimate of yourself, my dear. I intend you to be not only a true and noble woman, but a very charming one too. Alice is tasting her first triumphs now, but your day will come, and I think it will be as bright as hers."

"Do you really think so, mamma? Alice is handsome, and I am dark and plain."

"Dark as a gipsy, but not plain, for you have a bright and changeable face, which, to many, will be more interesting when illuminated by intelligence and good temper than a merely pretty one."

"So I must labour to make myself charming," said Louise, laughing gaily. "I promise to be a Goody Twoshoes from to-day, and to make myself a regular bluestocking, that I may make sure of what you promise as the result."

"Mamma," said Alice, who had been surveying the effect of her toilette in a large cheval glass,

"has Mr. Thorne consented yet that his daughter should join us? The season is almost over, and if she is to come at all, she should be with us this week."

"I cannot tell what his intentions are, Alice. I have spoken to him several times on the subject of his bringing May hither, but he has always evaded me. I do not believe he has any intention of hampering himself with a grown-up daughter. I shall not offer to chaperone her again."

"It will not be necessary after this summer, for Mr. Thorne will have a wife of his own to look after his daughter. Everybody says that he and Madame L'Epine will make a match, and I think it will be very nice for May to have her for a stepmother. Next to you, I should like her best for mine."

"Upon my word, you youngsters settle things in a most off-hand manner," said Mr. Balfour, laughing. "I suppose it is the united wisdom of the junior clique that has arranged a marriage to which the parties most deeply concerned have not yet consented."

Alice blushed and deprecatingly replied:

"Dear papa, we cannot help observing what is patent to all. Mr. Thorne is perfectly devoted, and Madame L'Epine accepts his homage in such a way as to afford him encouragement even when she seems bent on annoying him."

"Really, Alice, considering this is your first appearance on any stage, you seem to have progressed wonderfully in the knowledge of womanly tactics. By what species of clairvoyance have you been able to comprehend those of Madame L'Epine?"

Alice blushed deeply, and after a moment's hesitation, said:

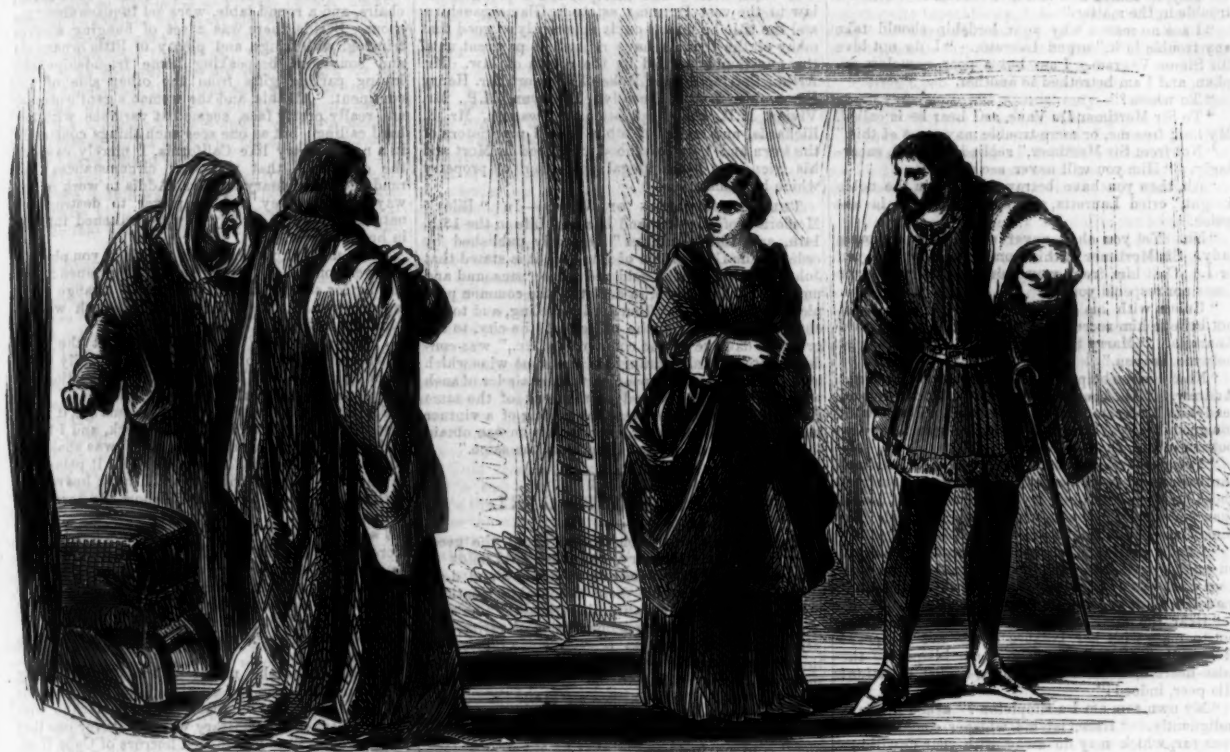
"If you won't laugh at me, papa, or scold me for watching her, I will tell you."

"I pledge myself to be as grave as a judge, and, as to scolding you, I think I should have to practice that before I should know how to begin."

"So you would, you dearest of fathers, so I will tell you what a little spy I have been. I am very fond of Madame L'Epine, as you know, and I like Mr. Thorne, too. I have been interested in speculating on his chances of success with her, for everybody can see that he is devoted to her. She often treats him shamefully, but there is an expression in her eyes when she looks at him that is not there when she regards others; and when she has most deeply offended him, she lures him back in a way that plainly says, I prefer you to every other. I cannot explain to you how I understand this, but it is clear to me."

(To be continued.)





[LAURETTA'S REFUSAL.]

## THE FLOWER GIRL.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

THERE WAS a triumphant and sinister expression in the face of Sir Simon as he rejoined Lauretta, which made her heart sink with apprehension for the safety of her lover.

She said nothing, however, as she was unwilling to reveal her thoughts to Sir Simon, but was led by him, in silence, to the private apartment of the earl.

She uttered a cry of terror as she recognised the sorceress standing behind Lord Roger, and would have fled but for the grasp of Sir Simon.

"Hold her fast, Sir Simon," cried Siballa, advancing. "She is as sly as a fox and far more cunning. Let me get my two hands on her, and I will warrant that she does not slip away."

"For heaven's sake!" exclaimed the poor girl, shrinking from the outstretched arms of the sorceress, "do not let her touch me. Oh, good gentlemen, I will not try to fly. Why am I thus persecuted by you? You, whom I have never harmed. I pray you, Earl De Montfort, let me depart. I am exhausted for want of food and sleep."

"Food and sleep? You shall have both and in abundance, young lady," replied the earl, regarding her steadily. "Do not fear. No harm is intended against you. On the contrary, much good."

"Let me depart, noble lord. I desire nothing except liberty," said Lauretta, who could not understand the earnestness of the earl's steady gaze.

"There can be no doubt of it," whispered the earl to the sorceress. "She is the image of her mother."

"Of course there can be no doubt," replied Siballa, as Lauretta sank into a seat. "Haven't I had my eye upon her since she was an infant?"

"But if the marriage should take place, and it should result that we fail to establish what we desire—"

"Tush! We cannot fail. Did you not say that when he saw her on the green he seemed like one who had suddenly met a ghost, a spirit? My word for it, his heart has recognised the child."

"That may be; but remember the pains it cost us to fix upon the minds of all that the infant perished with the nurse."

"That is a small affair; and when the father and mother are told that their child lives, they will eagerly receive every proof we can offer."

The earl and the sorceress whispered earnestly for nearly half-an-hour, during which Lauretta sat

silent and refusing to reply to the pretty speeches of Sir Simon, who, finding nothing better to do, continued to persecute her with alternate threats and entreaties.

"Come," exclaimed Sir Simon, as time wore on. "I have had no sleep, and it will soon be day. Are you two to whisper there all night?"

In fact, the earl and his mother had fallen into a discussion upon the mystery of the oaken chest, and how it came about that the skeleton of the man whom they had placed therein had changed into that of a woman.

This mystery, which was, or might be, full of danger to them, led them to forget the friendless flower girl whom they had captured.

"When you have lived to be as old as I am," replied the earl, sternly, "and lived as I have lived, you will seek sleep in vain. But this affair must be decided upon now. Lauretta Mansfield, since that is your name, you are poor and friendless; you do not know even the name of your parents; your life is that of a helpless orphan girl, cast upon the streets of London. You will scarcely reject or question the alliance I have made for you."

"Perhaps I may," interrupted Lauretta, boldly. "I may be all you say, poor, penniless, friendless, and an orphan; but I have at least the right to ask what power you, Earl De Montfort, have to dispose of my hand?"

"She is bold," thought the earl, surprised by her firmness and dignity. "Dame Martha Mansfield taught her too much."

"What right, you ask?" he added aloud, and knitting his brows. "The right of might. Yet there may be no need to use force, child. I offer you for a husband my own son and heir, Sir Simon Vagram, who, I am pleased to see, adores you."

Sir Simon, who regarded the whole affair recklessly, as he did all else, cast a languishing glance upon Lauretta, who returned it with one of infinite scorn.

"And when, if I consent," she asked, "am I to become his wife?"

There was so much contempt in her tone and beautiful eyes as she asked this question, that Sir Simon's brow grew red, and he bit his lip, thinking:

"My soul 'pon it! I will marry her to be her tyrant!"

Though latent as yet, there was as much evil fretting in the heart of the son as had ever boiled in that of his fiendish sire.

"That is a question upon which we may speedily decide," said the earl, replying to Lauretta. "You consent, then?"

At that moment the door of the apartment was opened, and a tall and gaudily-dressed gentleman, wearing a helmet, with the visor down, and followed by Andrew Tarl, entered, without the ceremony of first announcing himself.

He was instantly recognised, however, by his form and garb, as well as by his crest of red and white plumes, and the earl spoke quickly, saying:

"This is rash, Sir Barton. Over exertion may bring on a fever. The leech ordered for you undisturbed repose. How now, Andrew Tarl? You should have warned us that the knight—"

"My lord," replied the old soldier, "Sir Barton stepped forth, clad and helmeted as you see him, ere I heard him stir, though I paced before his door the while. I spoke to him, but, as he has taken a vow not to speak to man or woman until he shall have avenged himself upon Sir Mortimer Du Vane, he made no reply, but directed me by a gesture to follow him hither. Have I your lordship's leave to retire? I am old and have been somewhat battered of late."

The earl made no reply to this request, but said to Sir Barton:

"Were it not best, Sir Barton, for you to retire, also?"

Sir Barton, who had sat down, shook his head, while his glance shot inquisitively about him through the bars of his helmet.

"Very well. Remain here," said the earl, who knew the obstinate character of the knight. "It does not matter if you hear what is said, as you are our friend, and already acquainted with many of our matters. Andrew Tarl, you have ever been a discreet person, and faithful, and, as you doubtlessly suspect more than is true, may as well hear all."

"I'd rather be dismissed, that I may aid Sir Mortimer to escape, and then together we might rescue the trembling young lady, there," thought Andrew, upon whom the beauty of Lauretta had made a deep impression. "Ill-luck befall Sir Barton! Had he remained in his room, I could have elipped away, and perhaps, effected the escape of Sir Mortimer. Well, perhaps what I may hear now will be of service hereafter."

So, with an enormous yawn, the wearied old servant leaned upon his partisan, cast an angry glance upon Sir Barton, a friendly one upon Lauretta, and bowed to the earl, in whose service he had been for many years.

"Maiden," said the earl, "did I understand that you are ready to consent to receive Sir Simon as your husband?"

"What, without marriage?" demanded Lauretta in terror.

"Nay, of course not, child, or I had not taken this trouble in the matter."

"I see no reason why your lordship should take any trouble in it," urged Lauretta. "I do not love Sir Simon Vagram. I am but a poor, nameless orphan, and I am betrothed to another."

"To whom?"

"To Sir Mortimer Du Vane, as I hear he is called. My lord, free me, or more trouble may come of this."

"Not from Sir Mortimer," replied the earl, sneeringly. "Him you will never see again."

"Ah, then you have betrayed and slain the noble knight," cried Lauretta, clasping her hands in anguish.

"No. Yet you shall never see him again, young lady. Sir Mortimer at this moment is as well as you or I. Cast him from your mind, for he no longer loves nor respects you."

"Unless with his own lips he tells me, I will not believe him recreant to his plighted troth," said Lauretta. "Marry Sir Simon I will not. Never, so help me heaven."

"Now heaven help him to keep that vow," thought Andrew. "Ah, could I but free Sir Mortimer and lead him hither to scatter these titled villains with his good blade. That accursed sorceress is at the bottom of the whole matter."

"You are obstinate, Lauretta Mansfield," continued the earl, angrily, for he seldom met opposition from those he saw about him; "yet more stubborn hearts than yours have given way under my command. Sir Simon, are you willing to wed this maiden?"

"I know not that I am willing to wed any woman on earth," replied the knight, lightly, "yet I suppose I may not say nay to your lordship. Still, I like no marriage with one who is not my peer."

"Hear the ape!" muttered Andrew. "He likes not to mate with her, because she is not his peer! Heaven help that woman who is not his peer!—the false-hearted, fickle-minded, mean-souled libertine! His peer, indeed!"

"My own son, am I a simpleton?" asked the earl, indignantly. "Here, let me whisper something in your ear, which may do away with your unwillingness."

Whatever the earl whispered in the ear of his son was enough to make Sir Simon flush to the roots of his hair, and he exclaimed, eagerly:

"Ah, then indeed am I ready, were it only for revenge!"

"Be careful," interrupted the earl, warningly.

Sir Barton, whose vow kept him silent, proved that his desire to learn the secret was eager, for he arose and bent his head near the lips of the earl.

"Shall I tell him, Sir Simon?" asked the earl, whose rugged face was beaming with exultation.

"Why not? Sir Barton is one of the family, and must know in time. I faith! he hates the proud carmudgeon as much as I do, and—"

"Silence! It is not time to make the secret public, especially not to her," interrupted the earl, while the sorceress placed her finger upon her swollen lips to caution the foolish knight. "Listen, Sir Barton."

Sir Barton started with surprise as he heard the whispered communication of the earl, yet shook his head in doubt.

"There," said the earl, "I know it is hard to make you believe anything, Sir Barton, yet this is true, or think you I would urge the marriage."

Old Andrew Tarl, who had no lack of curiosity, now advanced and inclined his ear, hoping that this same good humour of his lord might include him in the number of the privately informed, but Sir Barton gave him a buffet on the presumptuous ear for his pains.

"May the evil one take me if I do not repay that cuff!" muttered the soldier, as he retired aside.

"Would you pry into matters which are above you?" demanded the earl, sharply. "Be content to see and hear what we please and no more."

Lauretta beheld all this mysterious whispering and surprise with great trepidation. That there really existed some important secret concerning herself she did not doubt, yet what that secret was she could not so much as surmise.

That she was to be made a victim she saw plainly, and she turned her eyes imploringly towards old Andrew.

He, however, could give her neither help nor consolation then, and as a last resort she knelt and addressed Sir Barton.

"As you are a noble knight and gentleman, I pray you intercede for me!"

Sir Barton cut short her hopes for his aid by abruptly turning his back upon her, laughing a harsh and mocking laugh, which sounded hollow and grimly within his closed helmet.

Lauretta sprang to her feet, almost wild with despair, and again sank upon the couch, now weeping bitterly.

(To be continued.)

A poor man named Mort claims to be heir-at-law to the vast Drymma estate in Glamorganshire, and the title he makes out is apparently so good that many of the tenants have refused to pay rent until the question is settled by the courts of law. Mr. Arthur Berrington, the Duke of Beaufort, Mr. Henry Eaton, Mr. Lewis Dillwyn, M.P., Mr. Vivian, M.P., the Corporation of Swansea, Mr. R. Richards, and scores of other landed proprietors of the town and neighbourhood are stated by Mort and his friends to be in illegal possession of property which he claims.

THE ADULTERATION OF WINES.—In "Riley's Memorials of London and London Life in the 13th, 14th, and 15th Centuries" (recently published by order of the Corporation of London), it is stated that John Beuross, having sold red wine "unsound and unwholesome for man, in deceit of the common people, and in contempt of our lord the King, and to the shameful disgrace of the officers of the city, to the grievous damage of the commonalty, &c.," was condemned to "drink a draught of the same wine which he sold to the common people; the remainder of such wine shall then be poured on the head of the same John; and he shall forever wear the calling of a vintner in the City of London for ever, unless he can obtain the favour of our lord the King as to the same."

### THE SPANISH GIRL.

A curious deal has been written about the great trees, magnificent scenery, and vast gold fields of California; even its mammoth vegetables and delicious minerals have had their honourable mention; but who has told of a Californian ghost? The subject has, at least, the recommendation of rarity, and perhaps it may prove to possess some interest in this particular narration. I shall tell it substantially as it was related to me by the poor woman over whose life it had exerted a strange influence.

Mr. Evans, a pleasant, benevolent gentleman, and one of our San Francisco merchants, happened to mention to me, incidentally, that he knew of a very good woman who could do washing or sewing well, and was in every way worthy of employment. Chancing to need a person who would assist me in plain work, I gained her address, and starting out one morning, climbed over the intervening sand-hills that lay between St. Anis Valley and my more centrally located home.

It was in the year 1854, and the streets were not cut through or graded, as they are now, so the expedition became quite a pilgrimage, and I was very tired when I reached the neat picket fence surrounding a white cottage with green blinds, that I recognized, from the description, as Mrs. Addie's. It was a tidy, comfortable place, and the porch was ornamented with a pretty green vine, trained over the lattice work.

A nice little girl of nine was playing with a boy of three, while another more delicate-looking child was wrapped in a little shawl, and sat rocking herself in a basket-chair, as she sat watching their games enjoyingly. At the sight of a stranger entering their gate, all three rose up in great perturbation, and evincing unaccountable alarm, ran into the house.

In an instant, however, the older girl returned, and blushing very much, said, I must please excuse her, for she was not used to visitors, and her brother and sister were very timid, too.

She was a gentle, pleasant-looking child, and although her face expressed great timidity, or rather the remembrance of some sudden fright, there was much intelligence and amiability there, and her voice was very sweet.

I smiled, to express my good-humour, and asked if her mother was disengaged, as I had come a long way to get her to do some work for me.

While we stood speaking, a pleasant, though rather pale-faced woman appeared at the door, the younger children peeping out at either side of her, and, with a refinement of manner one scarcely expects in a washerwoman, invited me to enter.

"Yes, ma'am," she replied, in return for my explanation of my business. "I have a great deal to thank Mr. Evans for; he has been a friend indeed to me and mine, and this is only another proof of his kindness."

"But," I said, "the kindness will be to me, for I shall be the party benefited—it is so difficult to find anyone who will do such work readily and well, that I consider myself very fortunate in finding you."

By this time we found ourselves in the little parlour, that opened without the compromise of an entry from the porch without. It was tidily and even tastefully furnished, with such articles as Californians could most readily procure in the way of furniture. A nice, fresh matting covered the floor, and a

chintz-covered couch, with some cane-seated chairs, and a round table, were set in place about the room. Beside, there was a set of hanging shelves trimmed with fringe, and plenty of little ornaments and souvenirs, bespeaking home friendships and loving parting gifts from the other side of the continent. All this, and the woman's gentle manner and really pretty face, seemed at variance with her hard calling; but as one sees such things constantly in a new country like California, I merely came to the conclusion that whatever circumstances had rendered it necessary for Mrs. Addie to work in the way she did, they had no power to destroy her natural refinement, or my newly-awakened interest in her fortunes.

"You must excuse my little people, if you please," she went on to say; "they are the frightened hares, and fly for shelter at the sight of a strange face; indeed, we are none of us strong, though we are gaining health daily."

I glanced out of the side-window at the great yardful of snowy clothes that floated gaily in the morning breeze, and hinted that such exertion was scarcely apt to be exhausted strength.

She interposed, hastily—"Oh, yes, ma'am, it is the best thing in the world for me to work, and I feel it will soon bring me all right again. I was shaken in my nervous system and worried, so that it pained me to think. I can't describe it; but I thank heaven I'm getting like myself again, and I know the hard work does me good."

I scarcely knew what to say to this, but I felt an increased interest in the little party, and offering my long walking as an excuse for resting, explained the part of work I wanted done, in a few words; and then entered into the subject that, even to this day, forms a strong bond of sympathetic interest between newly-set Californians—the route by which they came to the country.

In early times the means of travel were so very dangerous and uncomfortable, that, like the man who had the choice of two roads, all were sure to wish they had taken the contrary way, whatever one they decided on. The lengthened horrors of Cape Horn, the Indian perils on the plains, and the fearful fever on the Isthmus, gave ample themes for sympathy, curiosity and endless surmise.

Mrs. Addie had come by the Isthmus, and her voyage was marked by an all-absorbing sorrow, that swallowed every smaller consideration of discomfort or annoyance.

Her husband had been a teacher all his life, and breaking down in health and spirits, had undertaken the journey to recruit in strength and pocket.—"It was too much for him," the poor widow said, and her voice trembled as she spoke; "he died just as we came in view of Acapulco, and is lying there buried far from friends or kindred. It may seem strange to you, ma'am," she added, quietly, "that I did not go back to the home I had left; but I had no near relative of my own, and my father-in-law is the clergyman of a small church, whose salary barely supports his family. I yearned for home, and home sympathy, but I knew I should be a helpless burden to them, where employment for women is rare and so ill-paid, and I could not bear to tax their narrow means with such an additional care. So I came ashore with an aching heart, but a strong spirit, and heaven sent me the kindest and best of friends, who have made my way smooth to me, and given me help and counsel." She seemed really overcome with the recollection of her friends' kindness, and Nannie, the eldest child, looking on with an attentive face, appeared to realise it fully, too.

I said a few words that I meant to express my sympathy and interest, and added, that I did not wonder she had been weak and ill; but she interrupted me hastily, saying:

"Oh, no, it was not that; I had been very sad, and sometimes almost hopeless, but it was nearly two years ago now, and my recent illness was of a different nature."

Then she turned to me with a gentle, winning frankness, and said:

"You are the first American lady I have had to cross my door since I came, and I can scarcely tell you how much pleasure it gives me to be able to speak with you. You have had a long walk, and it is nearly noon; may I offer you a cup of tea? My little Nannie is quite a housekeeper, and it will make her very proud to have an opportunity to show her skill."

There was something in the sweet voice and gentle eyes of this refined washerwoman, that made me understand how much would be implied in my yielding to this friendly invitation: so I said, "Yes," unhesitatingly, and thanked her for the hospitable thought.

Mrs. Addie, being won to confidence by the kindly interest I hope my face expressed, told me the story of her Californian Ghost.



"You are so like home and home people, ma'am, that you've touched my heart and made me feel the want of friends more than I've allowed myself to acknowledge since I left them. You see I have every reason to be grateful from my inmost heart, for the helpful kindness of those who saw me in my trouble, and came, with open hearts and hands, to my assistance; but a woman's voice and a woman's smile I have yearned for as a part of my old life, and until to-day I have longed in vain.

"Will you think me bold in rushing into your confidence in this way? Pray do not; for I feel that it would be such a relief to tell you the strange experience that has had such an effect on my mind and heart.

"Mr. Evans, the gentleman who sent you here, was one of our fellow-passengers, and he saw my poor dear husband laid at rest.

"I was so numbed and bewildered with grief, that I could only clasp my poor children in my arms and cry my poor heart out; I was frantic in my despair and desolation. Then Mr. Evans and three other good men, who had been like brothers to me, reasoned me into calmness, and showed me where my duty lay. Heaven gave me strength to see it; and the storm of my first sorrow being past, I caught at the hope of constant labour, and the necessity of providing for my children, with eagerness, and began life with an energy that sprang from desperation.

"For three days I stayed at a hotel where they took me, and on the fourth Mr. Harley succeeded in finding a little cottage, already furnished, on Russian Hill, overlooking the entrance to the bay, with a nice sweep of smooth ground around it, enclosed with a high paling.

"It was late in the afternoon, almost towards evening, when we started. Mr. Perry, the youngest of our party, carrying Willie, who was but a tiny fellow then, while Nannie and Minnie ran on together, full of joyous anticipation concerning their new home. It was a long walk. On leaving the town we took a winding path over the brow of the hill, descending a little on the side that fronts the Golden Gate, till we stood before our cottage which was cheerily lighted up from within. It was a little one-storied rustic building, with a door and two windows in front, and a garden full of rank, overgrown geraniums and trailing Australian vines straggling on either side of a woody path.

"This can all be done up nicely, you know," said Mr. Harley, cheerfully; "it has been empty and neglected for so long, that it looks rather wild."

"I answered in the same spirit; but as I crossed the little porch and entered the open doorway, a shivering chill struck me, that it was impossible to describe, and I felt a deadly sinking at the heart that I could not account for, since the fire blazed cheerily in an open grate, and a prettily-shaded lamp was already lighted on the parlour table. I tried to rally and look about me in grateful pleasure, but it was an inexplicable effort, and one I could scarcely accomplish.

"The children made amends for my silence, for they were loud in their delighted comments on the new house, and their surprise at its odd furniture.

"The room we entered was a small, square apartment, with an open grate and a front and back window. Its floor was covered with checked matting, and there were two or three curiously coloured rugs laid over it. Beside a scarlet couch and two large chairs much worn and faded, there was no other furniture except some tiny Chinese tables, and a little cabinet lying on one of them. To the right there was a door opening into a smaller room, containing only a cot and old walnut clothes-press, and out of that was a larger room built like an L, to the cottage, with two French windows and a cheerful look-out. Beside these there was a small kitchen, with a stove and a few utensils, among them a pine table, piled full of family provisions by my good friends.

"Now," said Mr. Evans, who was waiting with Mr. Brown to receive me, "here we are, Mrs. Addie, with a strong prospect of comfort before us. It looks a little dull, and smells earthy, but that's owing to its being shut up so long."

"It did smell earthy, as he said; and although I answered him with all the cheerfulness I could command, the very air smelt close and heavy, and added to the oppression of my spirits.

"When they left me, after seeing that all we needed for our comfort was at hand, I fell to work busily arranging everything, and happily the feeling of oppression and loneliness began to wear away by degrees.

"Very soon I had put everything into tolerable order, and was ready to commence the work which my friends had provided for me. The little room, which was fitted with scarlet chintz, directly off the parlour, made a nice playroom for the children, and the larger room we made a family bedroom of.

There was a side-porch running along the L, and there I did my washing in the sunshine, and Nannie would help me to hang the lines full, and Minnie would carry the clothes-pins.

"So we worked and prospered, and began to lay away a nice little sum at the end of each month, after paying the gentlemen the money they were good enough to advance me for a few necessary articles of furniture. I had no near neighbours, but farther down towards the Laguna there was a settlement of Spanish people, the children of which used to wander up and peep in curiously between our garden rails. By-and-bye I became aware of some one whom my little ones alluded to as "the lady," and who was connected with all their plays in some mysterious way, that at first I scarcely noticed, but that soon took a strong hold on my curiosity.

"Who is the lady? I asked of Nannie one day, after hearing Minnie mention her repeatedly. "Where does she come from, and what does she say to you?"

"She does not speak at all," said Nannie, as if struck for the first time by the strangeness of her silence. "I don't know where she comes from, and she never goes away when I see her, but just slides out of sight by-and-bye, like the shadows outside in the garden."

"This seemed so very odd, that one day, having time to rest awhile, I thought I would go down towards the Laguna, taking Nannie with me, and see where the strange person lived who visited us so mysteriously. So I left Willie and Minnie at play in the garden, where I could look back and see them, and went down to the little cluster of huts where I had seen the Spanish children playing. It happened to be bright, sunny weather, and every one seemed out of doors enjoying it. My appearance created some little interest as I passed along, looking pleasantly at my neighbours, and I was addressed in their language with what I had learned to understand as a pleasant greeting, and to return in same tongue.

"But in answer to my charge to Nannie, that she should look sharply on all sides, and tell me which was the lady that she had seen in our cottage, she answered unhesitatingly, "Why, she isn't here; there isn't anyone of these that looks a bit like her."

"At the same time I became aware of a certain awestricken curiosity with which I was regarded on all sides, as if I had been the heroine of some adventure that had been noised abroad. I knew a few words of Spanish, and as they talked among themselves, I caught the idea that there was something odd connected with our little home, inasmuch as their looks were turned in that direction, and they alluded to it as a "muy malo caso," or very bad house. A small, bright-eyed "senora," with two children at her side, leaned against her little gate as I passed close at her side, and being both curious and excited, I stopped at her door and asked, in a mixture of tongues that would have made you laugh had you heard it, "Why they all looked towards my house, and showed such signs of wonderment in connection with it and me."

"She took a little time to gather in my meaning, and then she said I was mistaken about myself, for they all thought well and kindly of me; but my house—here she shook her head and gesticulated with her hands, and became quite unintelligible just when I wished most to understand her. I begged her to repeat what she had said, which she did in precisely the same manner, and beyond the words, bad man and bad house, I could gather nothing.

"It made me feel uncomfortable, I confess, and as I went up the hill again, I regarded my neat little abode with less favour than I had ever before bestowed on it. Suddenly remembering that I had an errand to do at the nearest store, which was kept by an Italian, in a tent in Pacific Street, in those days, I told Nannie to run in and stay with the children whilst I went over to replenish our stock of groceries. I was kept waiting a time, so that as I returned, carrying my few little parcels, twilight had darkened down upon us, and the great misty columns of fog that sometimes sweep in from the sea, were making the landscape very dreary. Still, as I climbed the hill from the city side, I could see my own door quite plainly, and in it the three children at play, and the figure of a fourth person standing by—a Spanish girl with a slender figure, and a serape thrown over her shoulders, watching them with a slightly drooping head.

"Ah, there she is at last!" I exclaimed to myself; "I'm glad to have caught her." But though I started forward to walk more briskly, my strength seemed suddenly to give way, and my knees smote together. I was so unprepared for my own weakness, that I nearly fell as it came over me; in fact, I staggered so that I dropped my paper of sugar, and stooping to raise it, I looked again, and the strange woman had gone.

"The rest of the little way I ran, and gaining my porch quite breathlessly, I demanded, "Where is the lady? Where did she go to?" They all looked about them in surprise, even to baby Willie, but none of them seemed to know what I meant.

"Didn't you see her?" I continued. "Do you mean the Spanish lady, mamma?" asked Nannie. "No, she wasn't here to-night."

"Then I said no more about it, for from that time a conviction of something dreadful—something to be avoided and feared, came upon me, and day by day deepened, like a darkening cloud, and which there was neither light nor hope.

"Now, it was extremely painful to me to acknowledge to myself that this curious and inexplicable thing had greater power over me, in depressing my heart and paralysing my spirits, than the severe sorrow that had passed over my life, leaving me alone in the world with its troubles.

"A vague fear of something to come began to haunt me, and yet I had not the courage to confess my weakness, and beg Mr. Evans to find us another home. Whenever the children named "the lady," I shuddered, and yet I could not reason clearly on the subject, or decide sensibly what foundation I had for my misgivings. I think I became daily more and more oppressed by brooding over this very uncertainty, and I actually longed for some tangible annoyance, rather than the shadowy dread that haunted me.

"If I had been calm enough to have been systematic in my conclusions, I should have noticed that my children never spoke of "the lady" as being anywhere but in the little red room, that they felt not the least fear or doubt about her, and that her coming and going seemed perfectly natural to them.

"A good while passed in this way, and I think the impression was weakening, and my cheerfulness beginning to triumph, when, one October evening at nightfall, I received a shock that prostrated me lower than I had been before.

"My work had paid me so well, and my living cost so little, owing to the generous kindness of my dear friends, that I was enabled to save quite a good sum, the first year, and after consulting with Mr. Evans, to buy the lot on which our house now stands, beside putting away something towards building it.

"I had been down in St. Anna's Valley with Mr. Harley, and young Mr. Brown had volunteered to stay with the children. We were returning, and toiling upwards after my long journey over the sand-hills, when glancing towards the house, I saw Mr. Brown within the porch, holding Willie in his arms, and laughing and nodding encouragingly, while Nannie and Minnie jumped up at his side, crying—"There's mamma! mamma's come back."

"The strange and painful feeling that had filled me with regard to home was fading away, and my heart beat almost joyously; but suddenly it stood still, and seemed to turn to stone, for, passing lightly out at the door behind this group already there, came the figure of the Spanish girl, and stood amongst them, so close that their garments seemed to touch, but no one noticed her or appeared to mark her presence. She leaned forward anxiously, and shaded her face with her hand as she watched, looking earnestly down towards and beyond us. I was just about to utter a cry of alarm, for the sight filled me with unaccountable terror, when I became aware, from the quiet face of my companion, that although he looked steadily towards where she stood, he did not in the least see the strange figure that so affected me. This, and my children's presence, restrained me, and I tried hard to conquer my terror, so as to speak in my usual voice, and ask him if he saw no one but our friends; but before I could accomplish this she was gone, where or how I could not tell, and I could only struggle with my increased distress, and try to find a reasonable way in which to tell such an unreasonable story.

"I dreaded being left alone, and yet when I tried to explain my cause for alarm, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and I could only tremble and be silent. So I saw them go away, without the power to stay them, and gathered my children close about me, trying to protect them with my prayers.

"This was in the month of October, you must remember, and you must not doubt my sanity when I go on to tell you what followed.

"The rainy season commenced early, and we had quite a storm, so that the children played indoors altogether, but they never mentioned "the lady" now, and I felt convinced that whatever it was, they and I could not see her at the same time. Only twice had I beheld her, yet every feature of her face was as clearly defined to me as if I had known her for years, and what I could not help but remark, both times her features wore a vastly different expression. The first time there was listless quiet, the placidity belonging to her race expressed there; the second, anxious fear and trouble showed in every line; and

when I saw her again it was worse still—they writhed in the pangs of death. It was late, almost midnight, I think, and it may have been a fortnight after the walk I took to St. Ann's Valley. The children fell asleep early, and I was very desolate as I sat by myself sewing, in our bedroom, holding them still in sight. I did not think how time went by, for I knew I could not sleep if I tried, and it was better to keep my fingers busy since my thoughts would not be idle. The wind sighed drearily without, and the dull tolling of the fog-bell on the beach sounded on each rising gust. Almost imperceptibly at first, a soft, low moan began to mingle with it, and my blood chilled as I listened. It came from the little room the children played in. I was convinced of that as I hushed my breath to listen. Then it came louder, and listening still, I arose, and taking a lamp, moved towards the door, impelled by a fear that must know the worst. I put my hand on the handle and turned it, but I do not know how the door opened, or if it opened at all. I only know it seemed gone, and I could see the room and all it held, not by the light I carried, but by some indescribable brilliance that gleamed within. There was only a little oval with a scarlet cover in the apartment, as I had left it that afternoon, but now it held other articles of furniture, and the floor was covered with matting like the parlour. I was not surprised at this—that emotion was swallowed in absorbing terror; for on the bed lay, or seemed to lay, the figure I had seen twice before, and now face and form were convulsed and terrible to look upon, as it tossed in what I thought a death struggle.

"I fell down where I stood, because my strength left me, and what followed I seemed to see in a sort of dream, that held my body dormant, but left my eyes the power of vision.

"A man, whose face I could not discern, came past me and stood beside the bed. At sight of him the Spanish girl made a mad effort and sprang up, but soon fell back again and moved no more. Then this man tore up the matting and removed the boards that covered the floor, and a great hole seemed suddenly to yawn there.

"How it came I could not tell, but a long box stood close beside the bed, and into it he crushed the passive but still breathing figure, upon which he poured, from some unseen source, a stream of slacked lime.

"That was all—a cold, dull, awful blank seemed to stretch like a black curtain between me and the world, and I lay still.

"Mr. Evans will tell you how my poor frightened Nannie found me lying when the morning came, and being unable to rouse me to reason, ran for him as her nearest hope, and how I lay in the long fever from which I have not yet regained my old strength; but no one, not even I, can make you know what a fearful impression that dreadful night left on me, nor how my soul sickened at the thought of that cottage on the hill.

"They tried to make me think it was a dream, and that my lonely life had worn upon my mind and made it weak and fanciful; but lifting up the floor, they found the box, and something that seemed like bones in it, eaten into dust by the action of the lime. Then the story of the Spanish people living near was listened to, and proved to be about a young girl of their people, who thought herself the wife of a merchant, whom she loved with intense devotion, and used to watch for his coming with anxious fondness. His wife, in reality, meantime sailed from her eastern home and came to join him, and he, fearing discovery, poisoned the poor soul, 'twas thought, though none could prove it, and nothing positive was known beyond her disappearance on that night, the 19th of October, two years before. We were sick so long in the house of a kind Spanish woman, who mercifully received us out of that dreadful place, that this pretty little home was almost complete when I first saw it.

"The younger children, whether from sympathy with me or not I cannot tell, were ailing, too, and having, in spite of all my efforts, learned to think that there was something terrible connected with that mysterious female figure, they shrink tremblingly from everyone who wears the dress."

Here Nannie appeared to say luncheon was ready, and my new friend rose, and begging me to forgive the dreary confidence she had given me, and do her humble fare the honour of tasting it, I followed into the neat little dining-room, where the handy child had spread a nice repast, and reciprocating the trust so freely offered, gave my new washerwoman the proof of my good will in breaking bread.

I knew Mrs. Addis many years after this, and when I saw her last she was mistress of a sweet home, in which her young and blooming daughter, Nannie, was an admired ornament; but I never heard her allude to the Russian Hill experience with the least abatement of horror; and Mr. Evans substan-

tiated her story in all particulars, adding that the suspected man had gone with his family to Australia, and no one had sufficient interest in the Spanish girl to follow him there. M. H.

#### EXPERIENCES OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

JULY 23rd, 1868: This morning, at a quarter past four, I was suddenly awoken by some cause which, for the moment, I could not understand, but immediately there began a low, heavy rumbling, down deep in the earth. It was not a roar, but such a rattling or quick succession of reports as is made when a number of heavily-laden coaches are rapidly driven down a steep street paved with round cobblestones. At the next instant it seemed as if some huge giant had seized my bed, and had pushed it from him and then pulled it towards him with the greatest violence. The gentleman and lady with whom I was residing shouted out to me: "Run out of the house! run for your life! There is a dreadful earthquake!" Back of the main house was the dining-room, surrounded by a low wall, and covered with a light roof. This was our place of refuge. The gentleman then explained to me that the shock which had just occurred was the second, and a very severe one; and the first, which was light, was what had so suddenly aroused me from a deep sleep. Of course, no one of us knew but another still heavier might come at the next instant and lay all the buildings near us in a mass of ruins, if indeed the earth should not open and swallow us all alive. The time that elapsed between hearing the rumbling noise and feeling the shock itself was about five seconds. At this time of the year, in the middle of a monsoon, the wind blows constantly, day and night; but after this earthquake there was not the slightest perceptible motion in the air. The tree-toads stopped their steady piping, and the nocturnal insects all ceased their shrill music. It was so absolutely quiet that it seemed as if all nature was waiting in dread anticipation of some coming catastrophe. Such an unnatural stillness was certainly more painful than the howling of the most violent tempest or the roar of the heaviest thunder. Meantime, lights sprang up here and there in the neighbouring houses, and all the doors were thrown open, that at the slightest warning everybody might run into the street. The strange words of the Chinese, Malays, and Arabs, sounded yet stranger in the dark, still night, as each called in a subdued but most earnest tone to his or her relatives. The utter helplessness which every one feels at such a time, where even the solid earth groans and trembles beneath his feet, makes the solitude most keenly painful. It was half-an-hour—and that half-hour seemed an age—before the wind began to blow as before. Then the nocturnal animals, one after another, slowly resumed their nightly cries, and our alarm gradually subsided as the dawn appeared, and once more gave promise of approaching day. I had long been anxious to witness an earthquake; but since that dreadful night there is something in the very sound of the world that makes me almost shudder. There is usually at least one earthquake—that is, one series of shocks—at Amboina every year, and when eight or ten months have passed without one, a very heavy shock is always expected.—*Travels in the East Indian Archipelago.*

KING LOUIS II. of Bavaria has purchased from his cousin, Prince Louis Ferdinand, for 170,000 florins (about 14,165*l.*), the beautiful Villa Ludwigshöhe, situated on a charming hill near Edenkoben, in the Palatinate of Bavaria. The edifice, erected by the late King Louis I., in the Italian style, was bequeathed by that sovereign to the prince, his grandson. King Louis I. for some years used to pass his *villeggiatura* in the charming abode.

EX-LORD CHANCELLORS.—Until Lord Brougham's Act, giving a pension of 5,000*l.* a year to all retired Lord Chancellors, the office of Chancellor was one mainly paid by fees. The salary established by Lord Brougham's Act was 14,000*l.* a year; but when the Court of the Lords Justices of Appeal in Chancery was constituted, in the time, and with the consent, of the late Lord Truro, the salary was reduced to the more moderate sum of 10,000*l.* per annum. Between the years 1834 and 1867 Ex-Chancellor Lord Brougham received, in the shape of pension, the sum of 165,000*l.*; Ex-Chancellor Lord Lyndhurst, about 100,000*l.*; Ex-Chancellor Lord Cottenham, about 80,000*l.*; Ex-Chancellor Lord St. Leonards, 80,000*l.*; Ex-Chancellor Lord Cranworth, 80,000*l.*; Ex-Chancellor Lord Chelmsford, 45,000*l.*; and Ex-Chancellor Lord Westbury, 15,000*l.*; making a total of 465,000*l.*

VALUE OF THE HALL-MARK.—Mr. E. J. Watherston, jeweller, has addressed a letter to the *Times*

which is worth rich people's attention. A few years ago the Legislature, with a kind attention to the interest of swindlers, passed a law authorising a hall-mark for 9-carat, 12-carat, 15-carat, and 18-carat gold. Buyers cannot distinguish them and consequently dishonest dealers sell 9-carat chains as 18-carat, or have a single link stamped as standard and attach it to an alloyed chain, or forge the mark themselves in order to avoid the bad stamping of Goldsmiths' Hall. There is a single remedy for this form of thieving which cannot fail. Oblige every jeweller to mark all gold with its quality in carats, authorise three or four assayers, and whenever the mark is dishonest give damages in a county court, say for fifty times the price. People will not go through the worry of a criminal prosecution to bring them nothing but they will maintain a civil action to recover cash.

#### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

##### SOWING WALLFLOWERS FOR SPRING FLOWERING.

—The best time to sow Wallflowers for planting in flower beds for winter and spring flowering is from April to June. Sow in light, rich sandy soil, and in an open situation. When the seedlings are large enough to handle they should be pricked off in beds, allowing each plant a space of about 3 inches. In October take up with good balls, and plant in the flower-beds, or planting may be deferred until the beds are cleared of the summer-flowering plants. There are several colours; the best are the blood red, brown, purple, and yellow. We prefer and employ *Chelidanthus Marshalli* (yellow), which is propagated by cuttings or slips. We also use the common garden Wallflower seedlings for borders; but they vary so much in colour that for beds they cannot be depended on, otherwise they are of the sweetest and most useful of winter and spring-flowering plants. The flowering will be over by the time the beds are required for bedding plants.

TREATMENT OF SEED WHEAT WITH SULPHATE OF COPPER.—The preservation of seed wheat from destruction by means of sulphate of copper is recommended and adopted largely in France; and a farmer communicates his method of applying the solution. The apparatus used is of the simplest kind. A table on trestles, one of which is 3 or 4 inches higher than the other, so that the former is on an incline, a border of planks nailed around the edges of the table, with an opening in one side at the lower end, to allow of the seed being drawn out when saturated; the plank at the lower end of the table is pierced at the bottom all along its central half with a number of small holes, and beneath these stands an ordinary tub. The tub is nearly filled with a solution of sulphate of copper, in the proportion of eight pounds of the salt to seven or eight gallons of water. The operation is easy enough. The seed-corn is brought in a double-handled basket, and is then dipped into the tub of solution; the contents of the basket are then turned out upon the table, and the surplus solution runs back into the tub, through the holes in the plank, already described. If there is a large quantity of seed to be steeped, of course the solution in the tub must be replenished. A pound of the salt is said to be sufficient to saturate three hundred times, or more, its own weight in corn. The dipping, shooting on to the table, and the draining must do away with the chance of any of the grains escaping the solution.

QUEEN ISABELLA has purchased for 1,800,000*l.* Count Basilewski's splendid mansion on the Boulevard du Roi de Rome, at Paris, near the residence of M. Emile de Girardin. Her Majesty has paid a forfeit of 60,000*l.* to get rid of the two houses which were taken for her in the Champs Elysées.

At the Surrey Sessions, the other day, a young man was found guilty of stealing a shovel. When asked if he had anyone to speak as to his character, a person came forward and declared he had known the prisoner (who is only twenty-four) for the last thirty years.

A MARRIAGE has just been celebrated at Rouen, between two dwarfs, M. Angot, well known for his performances in the Rancey Circus, and Mlle. Caumont, a sempstress, even smaller than her husband. The bride is twenty-four years of age, and the bridegroom twenty-nine.

MR. JOHN SIMPKINS, son, who farms nearly 3000 acres of land at Stanton St. Bernard, Wiltshire, pleaded guilty, at the London Guildhall, to sending to the London market for sale as human food the carcasses of ten sheep which were deceased and unwholesome; he was fined 20*l.* for each carcass and 10*l.* 10*s.* costs—210*l.* 10*s.* in all; but for his great age he would have been sent to prison.





[OSCAR SEES COMFORT AT THE "THREE CROWS."]

SOMETIMES SAPPHIRE  
SOMETIMES PALE.

BY J. R. LITTLEPAGE.

## CHAPTER XI.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
In scorn or friendship will I construe whether;  
Maybe, she joy'd to jest at my exile;  
Maybe, again, to make me wander hither;  
Wander—a word for shadows like myself.  
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the self.

Shakespeare's "Sonnets."

"I wish to tell you something, Mr. Earnshaw," said Cathleen Lamotte, seating herself once more upon the silken couch with all the graceful nonchalance of a young queen taking possession of a throne. "I wish you to understand that since my infancy I have been surrounded with people young and old, rich and poor, stupid and clever, as the case may be, who have striven to please, flatter and interest me, one way or the other, but only a few of them have tried the method which you seem inclined to adopt—that of fault finding, plain speaking—whatever you choose to call it. I don't like that method, Mr. Earnshaw; you won't win me by it," and the heiress looked at him with a triumphant, almost insolent, light burning in her dark eyes.

Earnshaw's cheek glowed with mingled indignation, wounded feeling, and excited admiration, for the beautiful, headstrong creature before him. He hesitated full two minutes before he could command himself to reply to this singular tirade.

"She, meanwhile, seemed to enjoy his consternation with a certain mocking maliciousness, which was free from spite, or anything that could strictly be termed illnature."

"Miss Lamotte," said the tutor, at length, "I will never presume to answer your questions again out of my own thoughts. I will always reply in some such phrase as this, 'Miss Lamotte cannot do wrong,' 'Miss Lamotte is always amiable.'"

"What intense sarcasm," cried the heiress, with a silvery laugh, "and all the while you will be thinking to yourself what a detestable, self-willed, pampered creature this girl is, will you not?"

"I must always think you charming, whatever you do and say," replied Earnshaw.

"You mean you must always say so," said Cathleen, rising to her feet, and beginning to pace the gorgeous room impatiently.

Earnshaw, half leaning against the marble mantelshelf, and watching her rapid, graceful movements,

likened her to some nymph of ancient fable, some goddess of the Greek epoch. Presently she came close to him, and looked at him intently.

"You seem a little sad, Mr. Earnshaw; have you left any dear relations in Germany, mother, sister, brother?"

"No. I am an orphan, utterly without relations."

Cathleen frowned slightly, resumed her rapid graceful walk, went down to the extremity of the long apartment, then came on more slowly towards the fireplace and the manly figure of Earnshaw.

"You are sad, I think, at leaving somebody in Germany, that land of forests and castles; I suppose it is a love affair? Come, Mr. Earnshaw, tell me all about it. I am the most sympathetic creature in other people's love affairs, although I have not had any of my own, and never mean to have any; but I am all sympathy, and will do whatever I can to help you. Who is the lady? What is she like? Dark, fair, tall, slight, small, piquant? Do tell me all about it, Mr. Earnshaw. I am just in the very mood to listen to a love story to-night, especially a real one. Now, begin."

She seated herself again on the couch as she spoke, and looked up with a sweet smile at Percy Earnshaw.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Miss Lamotte, but I have never been in love," said the tutor, gravely.

"Don't you like ladies, then?" asked Cathleen. "Do you think us all weak, vain, light creatures, empty-headed, tiresome, trifling, wearisome? Has your learning and wisdom taught you to despise our sex?"

"No," replied the tutor, with a grave smile. "I have been thrown but little in the way of ladies, yet, so far am I from thinking unkindly of them, that I entertain a most exalted opinion of your sex."

The heiress smiled scornfully.

"I don't quite believe all that," she said. "I know well you are a cynic, who despise women. I can read it on your forehead, your eyes, and your strange smile."

Earnshaw hid his face, which was flushed from the surprise and shy feeling he experienced at being so oddly attacked by the proud Miss Lamotte.

"You are laughing in your sleeve at me," said Cathleen, "and, indeed, I deserve it, for I have surprised you, I am afraid, with my peculiar manner of talking; but now listen, Mr. Earnshaw. You and I are going to be fast friends while you remain here; shall we? You must not act the strict reprob, you know, but you must never flatter me, and whatever I say you must always take in good part, and not get angry. Will you promise?"

"I promise to devote myself to you, as your most obedient servant," said the young tutor, eagerly.

"But I don't want a mere obedient servant. You must tell me when I do wrong, foolish things, sometimes."

"But you won't like my finding fault with you?" said Earnshaw, smiling.

"Oh, yes, I shall if you do it nicely, and that you are certain to do."

Earnshaw's heart began to beat against his side. What did this beautiful girl mean him to understand by her little pleasantries, her genial kindness, her frank and innocent warmth of manner? Was she as pleased, as delighted with him as he was with her? Was she striving to put him at his ease, to encourage him, to span herself the great gulf which separated him from her, and by virtue of that very wealth, rank and high position, which formed the barrier between them, had she stepped beyond the bounds of ladylike etiquette and formality? Was she taking the initiative in the great problem of love that remained mysterious and unsolved between them?

"I cannot, I never will find fault with you, Miss Lamotte," said the tutor, looking down gravely at the pattern of the rich carpet, "and unless you ask my opinion of your actions, I never will presume to express it, never!"

Cathleen laughed.

"We shall see," she said, cheerfully. "I believe, myself, that you are not so timid as you would have me think. I quite believe that before we are many weeks older, I shall have you reading me solemn lectures on my frivolity, selfishness, worldliness; I am confident that it will be so."

"In that case, sweet lady, you must have grown into a sort of intimacy with me which I scarcely dare to hope for," thought Earnshaw to himself.

He was silent, however, and Cathleen ran on in her reckless manner. He listened to the silvery tones of her voice as one listens to music in a dream. He feared the sound would cease too soon, and leave him to silence and the gloom of his own thoughts.

Presently Cathleen asked him if he could play upon any instrument?

He answered:

"Yes, three or four."

"The piano?" asked Cathleen.

"Yes."

So he was commanded by the heiress to play. He sat down and executed a brilliant *morceau*, with exquisite taste and consummate skill. Cathleen listened delighted.

"You play divinely," she said, "and you ride like

a soldier, or, better still, a fox-hunting Englishman. You sketch and paint, you speak languages, and you philosophise. I am beginning, Mr. Earnshaw, to set you up as a modern Crichton. I wonder you are not a little vain, but, instead of that, you seem shy, modest, bashful.

Earnshaw bowed. In spite of the flattering words of the heiress, there was a mockery in this last sentence, and in the tone in which it was delivered, which wounded his sensitive pride.

"I can say anything to you, Mr. Earnshaw," said Cathleen, whose changeable and volatile nature was now veering round towards the point of pretty insolence. "It is not as if—not as if; in short you comprehend me, do you not?"

"Quite, Miss Lamotte," replied Earnshaw, who felt humiliated and annoyed beyond expression at the half contemptuous tone of the capricious heiress.

"You understand, of course," continued Cathleen, who was now bent upon mischief, and in the mood to amuse herself by tormenting Earnshaw, "that Miss Lamotte is not always in the habit of talking so familiarly with—with—" she hesitated over the ungracious words she was about to utter, but a glance at Earnshaw's dark face, flushed with a certain indignation at her ungentle words made her resolve to wound his spirit to the core, "with gentlemen, you understand, Mr. Earnshaw, of her own standing, but between us there could never be the shadow of a misapprehension, could there?"

"Not the shadow," responded the tutor, in a sad, yet proud tone.

The flush had faded out of his face. Cathleen looked at him, and her heart ached for him.

"I hope you are not hurt, not offended at the nonsense I have been talking, Mr. Earnshaw?" asked the heiress.

"I could not possibly feel so," replied the tutor, but his sore heart gave an opposite reply to that which politeness wrested from his lips.

At this juncture the handle of the door was turned, and Squire Lamotte walked with his slow and stately pace into the room. He glanced casually at his beautiful grand-daughter, and then at the dark, handsome face of Earnshaw.

"Ring for coffee," said the Squire, imperiously.

Earnshaw walked towards the bell, but Cathleen was beforehand with him.

"I am sure, grandpapa, could never have meant that gruff and unpleasant command for a stranger," said the heiress, sweetly, and she looked up brightly, one might almost say fondly, into the face of Earnshaw.

"Capricious lady," thought the young man, "wounding one instant, healing the next, scornful this moment, but gentle as a summer breeze immediately after. I am fearful that my peace of mind will be destroyed utterly, unless I tutor myself to regard with equal indifference alike your smiles, your pleasantries, your tender looks, and your contemptuous laughter."

Coffee came up, and soon after Earnshaw bowed and retired to his own apartments.

The next day he occupied himself in study in his own room. About noon a loud ring resounded through the mansion, there was the sound of wheels and horses' feet, and about ten minutes afterwards a footman appeared to summon Earnshaw to the dining-room. Mrs. Lamotte, the mother of Cathleen, and aunt of his pupil, Albert Viner, had arrived. He was requested to go down to luncheon and to meet these great personages.

Mrs. Lamotte we have already introduced to the reader. She was in her carriage with her daughter when Oscar Arkwright intruded himself upon the notice of the two ladies. Mrs. Lamotte was a very stout lady with a white, pale face, handsome features, and an expression of intense hauteur. She was a woman whom dependants never loved, and whom aspirants after rank and position always detested, for her maxim was never to allow anybody to rise—if people were down to keep them down. She was the most uncompromising, the most narrow-minded, in fine, the most vulgar-souled and unfeeling of women. No talent, no genius that could not show its escutcheon, its descent from Norman nobles, or its present wealth in gold and lands, ever met with respect, scarcely, we fear, with civility, from the mother of the beautiful Cathleen. She was, herself, the daughter of a manufacturer. Her family had risen from the depths of poverty, in the first instance, and although her father had been a man of education, and she herself had enjoyed every advantage that wealth could lavish, the sordid, grasping nature of her remoter ancestors had engrafted itself, as it were, upon her whole being. She married the son of Mr. Lamotte, when he was a comparatively poor man. She had not married Charles Lamotte because she loved him, but because he was related to the great and noble family of the Dungarvons, and counted

several countesses among his intimate acquaintances. He was poor, but Jane Viner was possessed of a fortune of fifty thousand pounds. The young people set up an establishment in London, kept a carriage, lived considerably beyond their means, and even drew upon their capital. Charles Lamotte became a gambler, and ruin stared the manufacturer's daughter in the face.

Charles Lamotte, reckless, idle, but good-natured, was wounded in a duel, in Paris, where he had acted as second for a friend. He returned to England a confirmed invalid, a cripple for life. At this juncture in the history of Mrs. Lamotte, a sudden access of fortune came to her and her invalid husband. Lord Henry, the son of the Earl of Dungarvon, was mysteriously murdered in a country inn. The old Earl was seized with paralysis, his life was despaired of, and Mr. Ambrose Lamotte, her husband's father, a gentleman who had hitherto lived a quiet life on a small pension, which he received from Government, on account of services rendered in India at a very early age, was named as the heir to the vast Dungarvon wealth, though not to the title. If her husband succeeded or did not succeed, at least the child which she expected would be the inheritor of all the Dungarvon honours, title excepted. The ambitious woman was thus happy in her way, notwithstanding the weak condition of her husband, and the debts and difficulties into which her extravagance had helped to plunge him. The Earl died—Ambrose Lamotte, Esq., was installed at the Tower. He sent for his son and his wife, and the birth of a child was awaited with anxiety. Instead of a son, Cathleen, the heroine of these pages, was given to the world. Bitter was the disappointment of the mother, she even conceived a species of cold repulsion towards her daughter. Time went on, Mrs. Lamotte had no more children. Mr. Lamotte, jun., died, and Cathleen was the undisputed heiress of all her grandfather's wealth. As the child of his eldest son, Cathleen's claim upon the property was prior to those of any son that her grandfather might have had he chosen to marry again. Cathleen was the heiress of Dungarvon, and her ambitious mother and grandfather had set their hearts upon her marrying some great title, some unbounded wealth; Miss Lamotte could see no merits save those which were framed in gold.

As for Cathleen, we have not described her peculiar character very accurately. We wish the reader to form his own opinion of the self-willed, fascinating heiress of Dungarvon Towers; and in the course of this story, her natural qualities will develop themselves more fully. Mrs. Lamotte had had one brother. This man was a manufacturer, as his father had been. He died of fever, suddenly, leaving an immense fortune to his only son, a boy about nine years old. He left Mr. Gollon the guardianship of the boy; and his education to the care of his sister, Mrs. Lamotte. This Albert Viner, now twelve or thirteen years old, was the one being in the universe for whom Mrs. Lamotte ever showed anything like love or affection. It is difficult to find a reason for this strange phenomenon of warmth and kindness in a cold, hard heart. It was like a mild, blue-skied day coming in January, with soft west wind, and bright sunshine. It almost seemed out of nature, this tenderness of the lady of the Towers for her nephew. Certainly, he was enormously rich; then he was a Viner; he sprang, like herself, from the manufacturing interests; and though she would almost have laid down her life to ally herself or her daughter to a title, she was anxious, seeing that she was the daughter of a manufacturer, that manufacturers should be held in some sort of honour. Anyhow, she was desperately attached to Albert, preferred him much to Cathleen, was more indulgent to him, more tender towards him. Albert was a fat, bilious, stubborn-looking boy, with a heavy lower jaw, and thick lips; his forehead was narrow, his black eyebrows met above his snub nose. He was seated at the table, when Earnshaw entered, eating voraciously of rich pastry.

"Albert," cried Cathleen, who stood near her cousin, "that is Mr. Earnshaw; why don't you go and speak to him?"

"For pity's sake, let the poor boy enjoy his luncheon in peace," said Mrs. Lamotte, looking up with a proud and languid stare at the tutor.

Mrs. Lamotte wore a travelling dress of puce velvet, her fingers were covered with diamonds.

"She is the mother of Cathleen, she is the mistress of this magnificent house," thought Earnshaw, to himself, "yet she is ill-bred; she has neither an air of refinement, nor of aristocracy. Cathleen might have sprung from a race of kings, but the mother has the look of a pompous landlady of some fashionable lodging-house."

Such was Earnshaw's comment, mental, quick, and decisive. He bowed low to the stout, pale, richly-dressed woman, who failed in some manner to look

like a lady. The secret lay not in the manufacturing antecedents, but in the narrow mind and sordid soul of Cathleen's mother. Mrs. Lamotte scarcely returned his salute. Cathleen sprang eagerly forward, offered him her hand, and inquired how he had passed the night. He answered her kindly greetings with respectful warmth, then stood by the side of Mrs. Lamotte.

"Take a seat, Mr. Earnshaw," said Cathleen, pushing one towards him.

Earnshaw bowed, and seated himself.

"You have not lived in any family, I understand?" said Mrs. Lamotte, in a cold voice.

"No, madam. I came direct from my German college to England."

"Mr. Gollon, our man of business, and Albert's guardian," said Mrs. Lamotte; "has arranged everything, I believe; but there remains a great deal to be said with regard to my nephew; he is extremely delicate, and will require the most scrupulous care."

"Indeed, madam," replied Earnshaw.

"But although he must not be pressed with his studies," continued Mrs. Lamotte, "I am most anxious, you understand, that he should improve. He is to go to Eton in two years' time."

"The fact is, Mr. Earnshaw," interrupted Cathleen, with a sunny tossing of her graceful head, "Mr. Albert must never learn lessons, nor be requested to study, because it worries him, but when the time comes for you to take your departure, and for my cousin to go to college, you must, by some magic means, have contrived to fill his mind with learning, and to turn him out as an intellectual creature, a linguist, a mathematician, a classical scholar. It is a little unreasonable, perhaps; it is a little like the injunctions which the Egyptians commanded to make bricks without straw, but, I assure you, some of us English people are quite as hard taskmasters as the Egyptians."

Earnshaw understood that Cathleen meant kindly, and sympathised with his cousin, but yet he frowned; the heiress saw the frown, and wondered at it.

"Miss Lamotte is a lady given to piromancy and badinage," said Mrs. Lamotte to the tutor. "I must beg you to attach no importance to her remarks, Mr. Earnshaw."

Earnshaw bowed. He was cruelly tempted to smile, and Cathleen burst into a clear, ringing laugh.

"I certainly hope, Mr. Earnshaw, that you will find some means of making study pleasing to Albert; that you will give him a great deal of liberty, and at the same time fill his mind with knowledge," said Mrs. Lamotte, pompously.

"He can't write a letter without misspelling every other word," cried Cathleen.

Earnshaw again frowned, but Albert deliberately filled a large spoon with the purple juice of the fruit which was on his plate, and tried to fling it into Cathleen's face.

The heiress adroitly sprang aside, and only the white tablecloth was stained.

"I'll give you another if you come this way," said the angry boy.

Cathleen only retorted by a provoking smile, and then she walked slowly out of the room.

"Miss Lamotte is not kind or just to her dear cousin," observed the lady of the mansion, turning towards Earnshaw. "You must promise me always to defend my orphan nephew from these attacks of my daughter, in short to take his part; you quite understand what I mean, I am sure?"

Earnshaw bowed in silence, and Mrs. Lamotte was so far satisfied.

"Albert has never been accustomed to be contradicted," continued Mrs. Lamotte, "and his manners are perhaps a little brusque and rude, but I do not wish him checked. But if he should use ungentlemanly language you must check him then."

Again Earnshaw bowed in silence. All this time Master Albert had been eating voraciously. Mrs. Lamotte had been reclining in a low chair. Earnshaw sitting gravely before the mistress of the house. Nobody had asked him to partake of luncheon.

"Albert, my love, have you finished?" asked Mrs. Lamotte, at length.

"No, I want another of those puffs," responded the heir to the two hundred thousand pounds.

"But, my darling, I fear you will make yourself ill," replied Mrs. Lamotte, "and, besides, Albert, you have eaten them all."

"I'll have another," replied the young gentleman. "I say, ring the bell!"

This rude command was addressed to the young tutor. An amused look shone in the dark eyes of Earnshaw.

"Am I to ring for more puffs, madam?" he said, pausing, with his hand upon the bell.

"No, certainly not. Albert, my love, you have had enough. No, Albert—"

Albert was marching towards the bell.



"Then, I'll get one myself. I know the way to the housekeeper's room."

And the young gentleman went out from the presence of his aunt.

"Dear Albert has such a spirit," observed Mrs. Lamotte, with a sigh.

"It appears so, madam," said Earnshaw, drily.

"And I should never wish such a fine, manly independence to be checked."

"He is not to be contradicted, then, madam?" asked Earnshaw, "that is to be understood between us?"

"I do not at all wish him checked," responded Mrs. Lamotte, with a grave hauteur. "At the same time, I hope you will improve my nephew in Greek, mathematics, and modern languages, during the time that he will be under your care."

"What hours is Master Viner to devote to study?" asked the tutor.

"Oh, I should wish him to be in the schoolroom from ten till one every day, that will be quite long enough; and afterwards, you must accompany him in his drives, rides, walks, shooting expeditions, and so on."

Since it did not appear, after a pause of some moments, that Mrs. Lamotte had anything farther to say to the tutor, Earnshaw bowed, and withdrew. He walked towards his own apartment. In crossing a wide corridor, he encountered his hopeful pupil. Albert looked puffed out in the face, sleepy, heavy-eyed, above all, ill-humoured and surly.

"I say," said Master Viner, pausing in front of his tutor, "I want to go over to St. Edmond's, after a terrier that has taken my fancy. Will you get your hat and come with me?"

"Then you will walk, Master Viner?"

"Yes, because I want to coax the dog to follow me. If I rode, I should have to carry him before me."

"I am quite ready for a walk," said Earnshaw, pleasantly, "only the afternoon is cloudy."

At this moment a door in the passage opened, and Cathleen Lamotte glided gracefully up to her cousin and his tutor.

"And what is the little conference about now?" asked the heiress, lightly.

"Master Viner wishes me to go with him to St. Edmond's after a terrier," replied Earnshaw.

"Albert, you are a little monster," cried Miss Lamotte, vehemently, "you know poor Widow Jakes owes two quarters' rent, and is in dread that she may be turned out of her little cottage; you know she is frightened to death to offend you, since you rule my mother and my mother rules my grandfather, and though that pretty little terrier, Black, is the greatest joy of poor little Willy's life, you have set your covetous heart upon it, you that have dogs and ponies of your own. I wish Mr. Earnshaw would give you a beating; oh, what good it would do you."

Cathleen's beautiful face was flushed with anger, her eyes flashed indignantly. She looked noble at that moment in the eyes of Earnshaw, setting herself against tyranny and selfishness in the person of her pampered young cousin.

"You just mind your own affairs, Madame Cathleen," roared Albert, furiously, "let me alone, and Widow Jakes alone, and the dog alone; and if this man here raises his finger against me, Aunt Lamotte will turn him out without a character."

Earnshaw only smiled slightly, but Cathleen raised her hand and suddenly boxed her cousin's ears.

"You ill-bred little creature," she said, stamping her foot passionately. "Apologise at once to this gentleman for your impertinence."

Albert rushed off, howling, to find his aunt. Earnshaw and Miss Lamotte remained in the passage, both of them looking and feeling in an odd, perplexing confusion.

## CHAPTER XII.

He owns the fatal gift of eyes  
That read his spirit, blindly wise;  
Not simple, as a thing that dies.

He knows a business in his blood,  
At such strange war with what is good,  
He may not do the thing he would.

—*Thompson's "Two Voices"*

A DAY or two after the dreadful revelation which old Mr. Grey had made to Oscar Arkwright, that young gentleman was lingering over his breakfast in the pleasant little morning-room of his good uncle, the rector. Sometimes he stirred his coffee, anon he cut up the cold ham on his plate into very small shreds, then he would look down the long list of the advertisements in the *Times*, then he would rise and stir the fire into a brighter blaze. The young gentleman was anxious or ill at ease. Presently the door of the room was flung back, and the rector entered in a hurry.

"Bless me, not finished your breakfast, yet my boy, and I have been a ride of some miles since mine, to see a sick man, poor old Grey of the Stone House. I administered the holy sacrament to him; I don't think he will live through the day."

Oscar suddenly became pale, his heart gave a wild bound of fear. Was his precious secret a secret no longer? Had the communicative old man confessed his tacit participation in a crime of twenty years past, and would the chance of extorting conditions from an enormously rich man be wrested from him, Oscar Arkwright?

"Poor old soul," said the good rector, seating himself before the blaze of his pleasant fire, and rubbing his hands together to warm them. "He is rich, and one that has always borne a very fair name, but I have seldom met with anybody who had a greater fear of death. I tried to soothe him; I pointed out the merits of Him who is sufficient to save to the uttermost, but the poor old fellow kept crying out, 'you don't know, sir, you don't know what a sinner I have been. I have been almost a second Judas.' Then he rambled on about some cruel deed; I think the murder of his master very much affected him some years ago, and the memory of that time seems to have a singular terror for him now. His son, Josh, the miller, was present, and he told me to pay no attention to his poor old father's fancies."

Oscar looked down sullenly at the fire. One cause of apprehension was removed, old Grey had not told his secret to the rector; but he had without doubt told it long ago to his son, Josh. Why had that never struck Oscar before? Josh no doubt knew as much of the tragedy in the "Raven Inn," as Oscar knew, and Josh would trade upon it as soon as the old man should lie cold in his grave.

"I must make friends with Josh," mused Oscar, "or—"

We will not follow out Oscar's train of thought.

"How much time you have wasted, my boy, this morning," said the rector, looking at his watch. "Why, it's twelve o'clock. I fear you will never make a man of business, Oscar."

"My dear uncle, I have no business to attend to, at present," said the young gentleman, with a bitter smile. "I cannot see that I should have done myself much benefit, either mentally or physically, by rising at an unearthly hour to do nothing, to learn nothing, to gain nothing. I have read as many of the dusty old books in your study as I care to read. I have written all the letters which I have to write; there is not one person in St. Edmond's worth calling upon; the weather is not propitious, either for walking or riding; and you had our solitary nag. I really don't see," added the graceful, selfish young man, with a laugh, "what good I could have done, either to myself, or others, if I had risen at half-past five, this foggy November morning."

"You take life very easily, Oscar," said his uncle, gravely.

Oscar laughed behind the rector's back.

"You seem to me, always to think 'what is the pleasantest thing for me to do?' Not what is the noblest; the most pleasing to heaven."

"My good dear uncle you are decidedly prosy this morning. I can't endure your society, when once you begin to talk so; it never has done me any good, and I am very much afraid it never will; had you not better take a cup of hot tea, this cold day, after your long ride?"

A few moments after, while he was sipping the hot tea, thoughtfully, his feet on the fender, his head bent down, Oscar suddenly darted into the room, with an open letter in his hand.

"You did not notice the postman, my dear uncle? See what a boon he has brought your unworthy nephew. Now you will not have to complain, I trust, of my lack of business faculty, see! Squire Lamotte has written to appoint me as his land-steward, with apartments in his house. I am only to go on trial, it is true, but you knew how quick at accounts I am, how well up in the history of the rents, leases, and copyholds of all the farms hereabouts. I am to have one hundred a year, or as good as that, a home at the Towers, and fifty pounds a year in cash. Congratulate your nephew, my dear uncle, on his access of fortune."

The rector stared in blank amazement.

"But this seems preposterous," he exclaimed, "You a land-steward, a boy of twenty-two; the squire must be dreaming. What put it into his head?"

"Your nephew, my dear uncle, I went to Duncarvon some few nights ago, demanded a bed for the night, and pressed myself upon the notice of the old squire as a land-steward. I heard that the post was vacant."

"Then you tempted the squire by offering to go cheaply?" said the rector, shrewdly. "I know a little of Mr. Lamotte, and I am sure it is his love of getting work done at half-price which has been his

attraction towards you. He is a peculiar man, and one of his peculiarities is his objection to pay his people well. But, I confess, I don't see your motive. I hope it is no foolish vanity, Oscar, which makes you fancy that if you enter a great man's house that you will become a great man. I assure you you will meet with many rebuffs at the Towers, which will, I fear, wound your proud spirit considerably. A friend of mine was once chaplain to Mr. Lamotte, and I assure you that even he had many indignities to submit to from the arrogance of Mrs. Lamotte."

Oscar's blue eyes paled with a suppressed fury at the picture which his uncle had drawn of Mrs. Lamotte's insolence; Mrs. Lamotte, whom he detested, and against whom he had sworn vengeance.

"I shall respect myself, and compel all others to respect me," said the young man, haughtily. "Meanwhile, uncle, I have chosen my path in life. You may despise it or not, as you see fit. I have my own plans, and I confidently assert that they are more likely to lead me on to fortune than any of your choosing."

The rector looked at his handsome nephew and sighed.

"Well, my boy," he said, "in whatever state you may find yourself, do your duty, and heaven will bless you. Without its blessing, mark me, Oscar," the old man rose and extended his hand solemnly, "without its blessing, nothing can prosper long. The tempting fruit will turn to ashes on the palate, the gold will rust, the love of false friends will turn to hatred, the castles of imagined splendour will crumble to ruins about your ears, and, perhaps, bury you in their fall."

"You are not at all a cheerful companion, my dear uncle," said Oscar, with a laugh. "I think I shall go and seek some society a little more congenial to my present mood."

Thus saying, the young man sallied forth in the wind and rain towards the "Three Crows," the only inn in the village of St. Edmond's. It was a neat, cheerful, old-fashioned place, with a snug bar, and a jovial landlady.

Oscar entered the bar like one who knew his way, and approached the fire.

"I am come for a glass of ale," he said to the ruddy lady of the house, "I think I will have a cigar also, and seat myself in this cosy armchair. The governor has been scolding me for lying in bed late, and also for my presuming to place myself at the Towers; but the old squire has sent for me, and why should I not go? I am to be land-steward."

"Well, well, and I should not the least wonder, Mr. Oscar, if you do not make Miss Lamotte fall in love with you."

Oscar was pleased in his heart at this little speech, but he would not show his pleasure.

"Now you are making game of me," said the young man.

"You must mind that tutor as they have got up there for young master; they say Miss Cathleen is fond of him," said the landlady.

"Tutor," echoed Oscar, with a sneer; "Oh yes; no doubt, she is fond of him—for two or three days."

"She is very uncertain, Mr. Oscar; but goodness alive, here she is, Mr. Oscar, coming straight into this very house."

"What, in the name of wonder, is the matter with her—in all this rain, too? Look how her habit is torn, how pale she is; has she been thrown? Something's the matter, that's certain!"

(To be continued.)

A SPIRITUAL MEDIUM.—C. W. Jackson, who claims to be a spiritual medium has created quite a sensation in St. Louis in the tying-up business. He was challenged to an exhibition of his skill by Hartz, the magician, and on his first trial succeeded in freeing himself from his bonds in a few moments, to the great delight of the spiritualists of that city. On the next occasion, when the trial was repeated, the gentlemen selected to tie him insisted upon searching him before commencing operations. They found a sharp penknife concealed in one shoe and a coil of rope wound round his body. His trick consisted simply in being tied with a rope similar to the one he had concealed, and then when confined in his "cabinet" cutting the one with which he was tied and secreting the pieces, and substituting for it the one he had concealed on his body, which he exhibited to his audience, as having been untied by spirits. When the knife and cord were taken from him, the spirits failed to respond to his invocations, and he was released from his cabinet, bound as securely as when he went in.

WILL OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.—The will, dated 3rd April, 1868, with a codicil, dated 16th October, of the late Archbishop of Canterbury has been recently proved by the

Hon. Henry William Parnell, the Rev. John Robert Hall, and Henry Longley, Esq., the eldest son of the deceased, the executors. The personal property is sworn under 40,000*l*. The disposition of deceased's will and codicil, with the exception of 19 guineas to each executor and legacies to his servants, are entirely in favour of his sons and daughter. Among the specific bequests the testator gives to his son Henry the following, which he wishes him to consider as heir-looms, viz., the Holy Bible, and the "Early Years of the Prince Consort," given to him by the Queen, with her autograph; the statuette of Raphael, given to him by the Princess Alice, and the "Reading Boy," given to him by the Princess Helena, on their respective marriages; the service books for the several offices of the Church which he has performed for different members of the royal family; the gold coronation medal and the two silver medals given to him by the Queen on the marriages of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Helena; his correspondence with the Queen and other royal personages; and the three books given to him by the Queen of Prussia, viz., "La Vie Eternelle," "Le Père Celeste," and "Jesus Christ et son Temps."

### A SLANDERER REBUKED.

"You know the old proverb, 'a rolling stone gathers no moss.' Fred Wilbur will never be worth anything. He is constantly removing from one place to another. Never succeeding in anything," remarked in pompous, dictatorial style, a visitor at Mr. Fessenden's dinner-table.

"Do you make allowance for Wilbur's bringing up? A rich man's son, he never supposed it would be necessary to work for a living, and did not learn either trade or profession. It is hard for him now to find suitable employment," replied Mr. Fessenden.

"He could find employment if he were willing to work. He is looking for a position in which he will have little to do. No, he is a worthless young man. I never thought much of him; he was too gay, and fond of amusement, nothing serious about him."

"Indeed! I always supposed there was sense and principle beneath the gaiety."

"I never could discover either, and I know him well. Depend upon it, Fred Wilbur is only fit for the drawing-room. He can dance, sing, and talk nonsense. Why, even his troubles have not sobered him, he talks and laughs as gaily as ever; proof positive to me that he has no depth."

Ella Fessenden's eyes sparkled with indignation, but she could not trust herself to speak. She only glanced significantly at her sister, and both girls smiled. The visitor read their faces aright.

"Ah! young ladies, I see you don't believe me. Of course, Wilbur is popular with the ladies; but you don't know him as well as I do."

Mabel Fessenden answered, warmly:

"Mr. Wilbur's manner deceives many, but those who know him best, like him most, and have discovered that he has both sense and principle."

"Ah! Miss Mabel, you young ladies think you understand the young gentlemen, but I assure you I know Fred Wilbur better than you do. However, he has a warm advocate in you."

Mabel looked indignant, and was going to speak in her impulsive manner, but a glance from her father prevented her. Afterwards, when the visitor had departed, Mr. Fessenden said to his daughters:

"My friend has satisfied me that Wilbur is, to say the least, a worthless fellow. You know I have had doubts of him before: now that one who has such opportunities of judging, tells me his real character, you will not be surprised if I discourage his visits here. Ella, I must thank you for your silence to-day. I wish Mabel to follow your example, should Wilbur be spoken of again."

Ella's cheeks flushed, and tears started to her eyes. Mabel exclaimed, eagerly:

"Father, you forget Fred and Ella are engaged!"

"Engaged! Nonsense! I told Ella, when Wilbur's position in life was changed, that I could not consent to her waiting and waiting until he should retrieve his fortunes."

"You were satisfied with him when he was well-off."

"I supposed he was all he ought to be; now I know he is not. Fortunately, he is so unsettled, he can come here but seldom, and probably he will soon forget that we are in existence."

"Oh! father, you wrong him. Please have confidence in him. He is doing all he can. He has travelled from place to place, trying to save, out of the wreck of his father's estate, something for his mother and sisters. He provided for his family, even keeping his young brother at school; so that he must be gathering more money than Mr. Wilson supposes," exclaimed Ella, earnestly.

"Don't argue the question with me. You and Mabel are too young to understand young men. When Mr. Wilbur comes here again, I shall intimate that his visits are undesirable; so put him out of your thoughts as speedily as possible."

Ella cried, and Mabel endeavoured to console her by saying: "Don't fret, Ella, Fred will live down all these evil reports. He is not a rolling stone that gathers no moss, but a steady rock of sense and principle. We must be patient for a time and all will be right."

"Poor Fred—just because he makes light of his troubles, he is accused of want of sense and principle. Yes, he will live down all calumnies; but it is so hard to him to misjudge him now, when he needs sympathy so much. Here, too, where he has always been sure of a welcome—how will he feel, when he is forbidden the house?" Ella's tears started afresh, and Mabel too, cried a little while endeavouring to console her.

A few days afterwards, Mr. Wilbur called, when Mr. Fessenden was out, and Mrs. Fessenden and her daughters were in the drawing-room. Mrs. Fessenden was somewhat embarrassed. She knew her husband's intentions, but had not courage to be cool to the young man who had been so long intimate at the house, especially when he came in so pleasantly, evidently supposing all were as glad to see him as he was to see them. So she found herself shaking hands and speaking in her usual manner, and Ella and Mabel, really liking and trusting him, were divided between the pleasure of having him there, and the fear of their father coming home, and offending him.

The conversation was at first principally sustained by Mr. Wilbur and Mrs. Fessenden. He had travelled a great deal since he had seen them last, and had many little incidents to relate. After some time, however, he sat beside Ella and commenced talking to her, in a low tone.

"Ella, do you know I think I shall be able to claim you sooner than I expected. After a great deal of trouble, I have secured a competence for my mother and sisters. My brother will live with them till he has finished his schooling; then I hope to be able to put him in a way to support himself creditably. Now I have only myself to think of; and I have commenced business, upon a small scale, of course, but I hope to build up a lucrative trade. I begin to like business—you remember how hard I found it at first—and by the time I am a millionaire, I do believe I shall love to buy and sell."

He laughed pleasantly in his merry way, as did Ella and Mabel—but Ella's face grew serious as she replied, sadly:

"Fred, I—I think I ought to tell you—indeed you must not be offended with me; it is very unpleasant, but it will be easier to hear it from me first."

"What is it? Do not be afraid of offending me. I am not easily offended, except I think it is meant, and I am sure you would not offend me willingly."

"No, neither willingly nor unwillingly; then you will try not to be annoyed?"

"Yes, let me hear this wonderful mystery, before my patience is quite exhausted."

He was looking at her with merriment in his handsome eyes, and reassured, she told him what Mr. Wilson had said, and her father's determination.

"Oh! Mr. Wilson was one of my father's double-faced friends—but I am wrong to speak against him, even if he has slandered me. I suppose he means well, but he never understood me and really knows nothing about me. It is a good opportunity of exercising Christian charity. He little knows how I have searched for employment, even the humblest, till I saw I could save something for my family and something with which to begin for myself. Well, perhaps I shall be able to prove to Mr. Wilson that I am a steady stone that does gather moss."

"Do, Fred," said Mabel, warmly. "Show him and everyone that you can and will succeed."

But I hope from better motives than merely showing those who have no liking for me what I can do. While those I love appreciate me, I am indifferent to the opinions of others. I must try to convince your father that I am in a fair way to do well. But, Ella, it is asking a great deal of you to wait until I am in a suitable position."

He stopped, looked at her for a few moments, and then, with a smile on his face, continued:

"Only you will not be very unhappy, because we understand and trust each other; and the time may not be so long—I will try to make it short."

"Oh, Fred, if you can satisfy father: he will not permit any engagement."

At this point in the conversation Mr. Fessenden returned. After a few minutes' general conversation Mr. Fessenden invited Mr. Wilbur into the library, saying he wished to speak to him privately.

The young girls' faces flushed. Even Mrs. Fessenden could not raise her eyes; but Mr. Wilbur rose at

once and, with a reassuring smile, followed his host into the adjoining apartment.

In about an hour the gentlemen returned. Mr. Wilbur's face wore a grave expression unusual to it.

Mr. Fessenden looked stern and determined, as he took a chair near his wife. Sitting by Ella, Mr. Wilbur said, rather sadly:

"Ella—or Miss Fessenden, I suppose I ought to say—your father is hard upon me. He accuses me of what never entered my mind. I find I have more need of charity than I supposed. I think it is a good law that believes a man innocent, till he be proven guilty. My unfortunate disposition, too—the tendency to make light of minor troubles—is considered a proof that I have no stability. What am I to do? Sometimes I have been thankful for being given a disposition to make the best of circumstances."

Ella answered in low tones:

"Your gaiety and cheerfulness are blessings. They keep you from despair, when so many turn against you."

"I suppose I have been too gay, too fond of jesting and foolish conversation. I have been struggling against it, especially since last month, when—I tell you this to make you feel that there is a bond between us, when separated by distance and your father's wish—I was admitted into the church. Whether I live to overcome this harsh judgment or not, you and I shall be fighting the same battle, looking for the same reward. And now I must go. Mr. Fessenden kindly granted me a few minutes with you, on condition I would not endeavour to make any engagement. Farewell!"

He shook hands silently with all, and was gone—leaving the young girls crying bitterly, and Mrs. Fessenden with tears in her eyes. Even Mr. Fessenden felt doubtful for a short time, till he remembered Mr. Wilson's positive manner of accusing him of wrong-doing.

A few years passed away, changing Ella from the pretty girl of eighteen to the woman of twenty-three. She was still unmarried, waiting till Fred Wilbur was able to overcome her father's prejudices. Mabel was married, and occasionally entertained at her house her sister's lover. Ella never met him there. She was too honourable for clandestine meetings. She satisfied herself, as well as she could, with hearing of him from her sister. A few times, in the course of those years, she had met him at church, or in the street, when, as there was no prohibition to the contrary, she stopped and had a few words of greeting and friendly conversation—hardly lover-like; but each read in the other's eye that the old love was strong still.

The time came when the proud Mr. Fessenden found trouble coming upon him. Property on which he depended lay idle on his hands; money was owing to him which he could not collect; business debts were due, and he could not pay. He must borrow from a friend. Soon he would be able to repay. No friend could, or would, lend. Mr. Fessenden passed sleepless nights, wondering what he should do to avert ruin. A small sum would sustain his credit till he could sell part of his property; but that sum he could not command.

One evening when Mr. Fessenden was lying on the sofa, his head aching with anxiety and want of sleep, Mr. Wilbur was announced—his first visit for five years.

"Mr. Fessenden, in spite of your prohibition I have ventured to renew my suit, hoping that you may now judge me in a clearer light. I am no longer a 'rolling stone, gathering no moss'—having been in business five and a half years in one town. I can now offer a comfortable home to your daughter—a home where she can command all the luxuries she has here. Has your opinion of me changed?"

"Yes, I have heard you well spoken of among merchants; but I supposed your fancy for Ella had passed away, and hers for you, as she has never spoken of you, and you did not come here."

"How could I come here after what you said?"

"Well, you have come now."

"True—my patience was quite exhausted. I found I could wait no longer. I must learn my fate."

"Ella is in the next room; ask her to settle it. You must have principle and steadiness to entertain one passion so long."

After several hours, Fred Wilbur rose to say good night.

"Ella, I have something to say to you. I heard rumours of your father being in trouble. What I heard decided my coming. I cannot offer to assist him; but if you can intimate without offending him, that a thousand pounds are at his disposal, for as long as he needs them, pray do so. I wish he liked me well enough to let me help him. It would afford me much pleasure. To-morrow you will be troubled with me again: till then, farewell."

Mr. Fessenden fought a battle with himself; or rather, two kinds of pride fought with each other:



pride of maintaining his position before the world—pride of refusing a favour from one whom he had despised and misjudged. The first conquered, and from the "rolling stone" Mr. Fessenden received "the moss" that saved his credit, and enabled him to carry on his business.

One day—a short time before the one fixed for the wedding—Mr. Wilson happened to call on the Fessendens. In the course of the conversation, Mr. Wilson suddenly remarked:

"Ah! bye-the-by, what has become of young Wilbur? I have lost sight of him; but by this time I suppose he has quite gone to the bad."

"Not quite, yet. I do not know how it will be when he is married. We must wait and see," Mr. Fessenden said, quietly.

"Married! Is he going to marry?"

"Yes—this day week. Will you be present?"

Mr. Wilson looked at the faces of the group around him, and from Ella's crimson cheeks, surmised the truth. He began to apologize.

"Forgive me. I did not know—I had no intention of offending."

"A word about Mr. Wilbur—soon to be my son—then we will let the subject rest. Five years ago you misrepresented him to me. I ill-treated him on that account. Now I know his worth, his steadiness." M. E. L.

## TWO STYLES OF SWEETHEART.

THE sun was just lowering its great golden ball behind the willows that fringed the river side, and the air, freighted with the delicious scent of new-mown hay, was growing heavier, with the approaching twilight.

Upon the slope of the hill, the chimneys of the substantial-looking old brick farmhouse were circled with mellow light, and the lozenge-shaped panes of the windows, peeping out through embowering masses of ivy, glimmered like diamonds.

"Upon my word, this is rather pleasanter than Regent Street," pondered Felix Cardel, as he walked up the winding pathway under the trees, carrying his portmanteau in his hand. "Newly-cut hay is more agreeable to the senses than omnibus dust, and I prefer daisies growing in the field to the artificial affairs in the milliners' windows. Heigho! I wonder if Netty expects to see me to-night, because—Hullo!"

He started back, considerably astonished, and rather disconcerted, as something white fluttered before his eyes, not unlike a magnified bird, and a tall, slender young girl swung herself, by one arm, down from the mossy fork of a gigantic old cherry tree, whose shadow quivered in the grass at his feet. Her dress, of white muslin, was scarcely discomposed, but the silky black curls were blown carelessly about her face, and the colour in her cheeks was somewhat heightened. Nevertheless, she was quite pretty enough to distract Mr. Cardel, as she stood there, with a mischievous light in her large, liquid eyes, and the dimples dancing about her lovely scarlet-ripe mouth.

"Netty!" said Mr. Cardel, in accents of cold surprise.

"Felix!" echoed the wilful nymph, looking him full in the face.

"Surely, it can't be possible—"

"That I have been up in the cherry tree? It is quite possible and too probable. Will you have some cherries? They are deliciously ripe."

She held out a twisted vine-leaf, full of the deep red jewels, with audacious composure. Felix shook his head, severely grave.

"Now don't look so solemn, Felix, dear," coaxed Netty Burgh, slipping her pretty arm through his, with a nestling movement that ought to have melted a heart of stone. "To tell you the honest truth I didn't expect you this evening, or I would have been sitting up in state."

But Felix met her arch eyes with a cold, scrutinising glance.

"You are shockingly sunburned," he remarked, as his gaze fell on her olive cheek, where the roses glowed with deep, delicate bloom.

"Sunburned? Oh, that's because I have rowed seven miles up the river, to get some of that beautiful wood-moss for aunt Edith's baskets."

"By yourself?"

"By myself. It was splendid fun, only rather warm."

"Netty," said Felix, sternly, "you ought to have been a boy."

"Oh, I wish I had been!" exclaimed Netty, with sparkling eyes. "It would have been so nice to be restrained by none of the rules of young ladyhood. No, I don't wish anything of the kind. If I had been a boy you never would have loved me. Felix?"

"Well,"

"I wonder why you fell in love with me?"

"So do I, sometimes," said Mr. Cardel, coldly. "I do wish, Netty, that you would be less outspoken, unceremonious, and careless."

"In short," sighed Netty, in despairing accents, "you want me to be as unnatural and as unlike myself as possible."

"In some respects I think it would be quite an improvement," said Felix. "You are very young, Netty, and it is not yet too late for you to form your manners on some superior model."

Netty was silent, but the droop of the long, curled eyelashes, and the tremble of the pouted lip, spoke quite perceptibly. At this instant the great Newfoundland dog rushed, barking, down the path to meet them. Mr. Cardel repelled him, rather annoyed at the vehemence of his canine welcome, but Netty threw herself on the grass at Nero's side, with both arms around his neck, and her velvet cheek close against the shaggy head.

"There," ejaculated Felix, with a shrug of the shoulders, betokening intense annoyance, "you might as well be a child four years old, for all the dignity and self-command you display."

Netty sprang instantly to her feet.

"I didn't mean to vex you, Felix."

"And I wish," went on Felix, petulantly, "that you would leave off wearing those fly-away curls, and put up your hair as other young ladies do—"

"I will, if you desire it, Felix."

"And wear something beside those white dresses, that make you look like a little girl."

Netty glanced with compunction at the offending white muslin, as Mr. Cardel led her into the house, and began to wonder whether she must wear snuff-coloured bombazines, like Aunt Levina's, or pink calico, like the village girls.

"No—don't close the window, Netty; this breeze is delightful. Now sit down; I want to have a good talk with you. Don't throw yourself down on the footstool—I tell you I do not like those childish ways!"

"Must I sit on that straight-backed sofa?" sighed poor Netty, despairingly.

"Certainly—by all means. What I was going to say was this, however: I think, Netty, your style and manners are susceptible of a little more polish. I should like my wife to possess the elegance of refined society. I am not altogether certain whether you are too old for the influences of some superior French seminary—"

"I was seventeen yesterday," interposed Netty, with flushed cheeks and a trembling voice.

"I daresay, yes—but you should not interrupt a person who is speaking. I was about to remark that my sister, Mrs. Ordway, is going to Scarborough this month, and I think it best for you to accompany her. A few weeks spent in the centre of our fashionable world will certainly exert the most beneficial influences over your untamed manners."

"Are you going, Felix?"

"No—my business will admit of no such lengthened absence."

"Then I don't want to go."

"Netty!"

For she had crept to his side, and was sobbing passionately on his shoulder.

"Netty!" he pursued, "I am surprised—I am shocked at this display of childish petulance and wilful temper. I beg you will desist at once."

"Don't send me away," murmured poor Netty through her tears. "I hate Scarborough—I don't want to be refined and polished! I had rather be plain little Netty Burgh!"

"My dear Netty," said Felix, leading her ceremoniously to a seat, "Mrs. Ordway will leave town about the fourteenth of the month. I hope you will be ready to accompany her."

Netty crept out of the room, just in time to avoid the other members of the family who entered, at this moment, to welcome Felix Cardel to the pleasant old farmhouse, and before she came in again it was solemnly decided, in full family conclave, that she was to be banished to Scarborough, there to undergo the formalities and ordeals of fashionable life.

Netty cried herself to sleep that night, and afterwards dreamed that she was a poor little mouse, caged up behind the gilded wires of an enormous trap, labelled "Scarborough."

The blazing September sunshine was pouring its fiery torrents full upon the crown of Mr. Felix Cardel's hat, as he entered the great hotel, weary, overheated and dusty. Nor was the little seven-by-nine room, in which he brushed his hair and adjusted his cravat, much of an improvement.

"Dear little Netty," he pondered, as he pinned on his collar—"I wonder if she'll be glad to see me. Six weeks is a long time for her to exist without sight of me, and I really want to hear her merry laugh and see her pretty graceful ways once more. Netty is no more like other women than a tall, grace-

ful wild rose is like the tulips of a Dutch flower-garden! If she only knew I was here!"

Mr. Cardel smiled to himself, as he mentally depicted the rapturous welcome that would be accorded to him by Netty.

"Five o'clock," went on Mr. Cardel, glancing at his watch; "I'll have a little nap until tea-time—nothing refreshes a man like half-an-hour's sleep."

Mr. Cardel adjusted the pillows on the sofa, and composed himself for a brief period of oblivion. Either, however, he was very tired, or his ideas of "half-an-hour" were more extensive than the ordinary computation, for when he woke up it was quite dark, and through the open window innumerable golden stars were winking mischievously at him from the blue-black vault of heaven.

"Hullo!" ejaculated Felix, sitting bolt upright, and running his fingers through his hair, "I must have overslept myself. I think I'll go downstairs."

The merry music of a full band saluted his ears as he descended; it was a ball night, and the rooms were full of beauty and fashion. Diamonds sparkled like drops of dew—rare jewels flashed scarlet and violet and golden fire, and exquisite draperies rustled by like floating mists. As a tall, queenly-looking matron passed, attired in pink tulle, tastefully garnished with bouquets of azalea, Felix Cardel touched her on the shoulder.

"Felix!"

"Here I am, Boss—where is Netty?"

Mrs. Ordway put up her gold eye-glasses and surveyed the moving crowd with well-bred indifference.

"She was standing by yonder pillar with Mr. Emberson a minute or two ago—she can't be far off. Oh, there she is."

"Where?"

Felix vainly strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of some face that was like Netty's, but in vain. Mrs. Ordway put her arm through her brother's.

"We'll go to her," she said, calmly, and Felix obeyed the gentle guidance of her touch.

Like an empress receiving the homage of her courtiers, Miss Burgh stood in the centre of a group of young gentlemen—but how unlike the Netty of six weeks ago! Her silky, black curls were all braided into shining bands, with slender ropes of pearls, and the fall of her white eyelids betokened a sort of weary haughtiness. Her dress—some diaphanous material of rosy pink—was strikingly appropriate to her dark, sultana-like beauty; and broad bands of gold, studded with diamonds, clasped her slender wrists.

"Netty!" was Felix's delighted exclamation.

"Good evening, Mr. Cardel!"

She extended her hand with languid courtesy, but her dark eyes never brightened—the royal red lips never broke into a smile. Felix felt his heart grow chill within him. Truly, Netty's manners had received the conventional icing.

"You will walk with me a little while in the piazza?" he said, offering his arm.

"Thank you—it would give me very great pleasure, but I am engaged to dance this 'Lancers' with Mr. Althorpe."

"Afterwards?" pleaded Felix, with a jealous pang. Miss Burgh consulted her little white-and-gold tablets.

"I am very sorry, but my card is full."

"Netty!"

He spoke with more of bitter reproach in his tones than, perhaps, he was aware of. Miss Burgh raised her dark eyes in cold surprise to his flushed face, as she glided away with Mr. Althorpe, to take her place in the "Lancers." Mrs. Ordway's eyes followed her stately, swimming gait with admiring pride.

"Are not her manners perfect, Felix?"

"Perfect!" He shrugged his shoulders. "They are so perfect that I shouldn't be surprised at any moment to see her change into a statue of ice!"

"Composure is *de rigueur*, you know," said Mrs. Ordway, a little surprised; "and you told me particularly that you disliked anything like impulse or vehemence."

Felix said nothing; he was pretty fairly caught in his own trap!

"To-morrow I will find some opportunity to have a little of her society," he said to himself, as the evening waned away and Miss Burgh was in constant demand. But to-morrow brought no such auspicious season. Netty appeared to have entered the lists as an accomplished flirt, and kept a constant circle of attendant cavaliers revolving round the planet of her beauty, while Mr. Cardel passed through the successive stages of jealousy, despair, pride and wrath, with singular rapidity.

"Netty," he said, one morning, as she came downstairs, provokingly beautiful in her riding-habit of dark-green cloth, and hat with overshadowing plumes, "how much longer is this to continue?"

"Is what to continue?" she asked, fastening the gold buttons of her gauntleted gloves.

"This fashionable dissipation—this round of hollow, senseless gaiety?"

"You yourself wished me to form my manners—your very expression, I believe—at Scarborough."

"Yes, but Netty—"

"Are you not pleased with the consequences of your own advice, Mr. Cardel? Mrs. Ordway considers me an apt scholar, and I have endeavoured, in every particular, to acquire what you phrase the elegance of society."

"Netty," he said, with a deep, passionate emphasis in his tone, "I would give all the artificial glitter of society for one of your old sweet looks—once careless tress of your black curls."

"Do you not like the arrangement of my hair? It is as the other ladies wear it."

"No, I don't."

"Yet you advised it."

"I was foolish, Netty. Somehow it seems as if I had lost my little treasure, and found, instead, quite another person. Has she passed entirely out of my reach, Netty? Is it too late to bring back the wild, careless, merry little sprite that stole my heart away?"

"What a very singular idea," said Miss Burgh, elevating her lovely arched eyebrows. "But you must really excuse me just now—Mr. Benoit is waiting, and Selim is quite impatient."

And so Netty rode away, her long white plumes streaming backwards, while Felix Cardel, puzzled and sick at heart, stood on the steps, feeling as if some priceless jewel had passed for ever out of his keeping.

"I wish my tongue had been cut out of my head before I ever uttered such dictatorial nonsense to her," he ejaculated under his breath. "If the last two months could only be blotted out of time's record—if we could only be back under that cherry tree on the lawn once more!"

Mr. Cardel went back to the city, very much dissatisfied with the nice little arrangements he had striven so hard to compass.

The scarlet leaves of late October were fluttering down on the lawn by the river side, one afternoon, as Felix Cardel slowly walked up the winding path, to see Netty, who had just returned in Mrs. Ordway's train. He paused a moment under the cherry tree, as one pauses beside the grave of some dear lost friend.

"Too late," he murmured to himself, "too late—and my happiness has been wrecked by my own hand. She has ceased to love me, and it only remains for me to dissolve the empty form of our engagement."

So he passed on, almost dreading to meet the calm, chill glance of the fashionable young lady, who had taken sweet Netty Burgh's place.

As he opened the door of the pleasant little library, however, a very different sort of person met his eyes. Upon the middle of the floor, with a profusion of brown and crimson autumn leaves scattered around her, sat Miss Netty, busy in selecting the most perfect specimens for a quaint china vase with turning serpent handles, while close beside her, with his huge head on her lap, lay the privileged Nero. Yes, it was Netty—the old Netty, with her glossy black curls as carelessly pretty as ever, and no more elaborate costume than a pink gingham dress.

She sprang up with a little cry of joy as Felix stood before her, ran to meet him and threw her pretty arms around his neck, while the brown and crimson leaves were blown about the carpet in hopeless disorder.

"Felix, I am so glad you are come!"

"Darling Netty!"

How close he held her to his heart, as if he feared she would melt away from his touch, like some vanishing shadow of a dream.

"Is this my own Netty?" he whispered.

"Your own, Felix—the Netty of three months ago. Do you like her better than the Scarborough young lady?"

"Very much better."

"So do I," said Netty, with a merry peal of laughter. "That Scarborough young lady was a very disagreeable sort of person. I thought you would come back to your first love, after you had a little experience of Miss Burgh. Only please remember that the transformation was at your own express desire."

"I like you best as you are, Netty," said Felix, carelessly smoothing down her bright curls. "My little wild flower is sweeter to me than all the glow of hot-house blossoms."

"And you don't think my manners require any more polish?" she asked with mock solemnity, while her dark eyes sparkled roguishly.

"Forgive me, Netty," said Felix, laughing. "I've made a fool of myself once, but I don't mean ever to

do it again. When I do, you may remind me of those absurd declarations of mine?"

But as they have been married for several years, and Netty has had no occasion to refresh her husband's memory, we may reasonably conclude that he adhered to his resolution.

A. R.

## FACETIÆ.

"I SAY, BOY! stop that ox!" screamed a man to a ragged urchin. "I hain't got no stopper, sir," quietly responded the boy.

WHY is the map of Turkey in Europe like a dripping-pan? Because there's Greece at the bottom.

TO BENEDICTS.—A married man should never buy his cigars on credit, for by so doing he becomes a weed-ower.

A JOCKEY, who incautiously burned his finger by taking up his toast from the fire, and broke his plate by letting it fall, observed that it was too bad to lose the plate after having won the heat.

THE most solemn hour of my life," said old bachelor Tibkins, "was when I was going home, on a dark night, from the widow Mopson's, after her youngest daughter Sally had told me I needn't come again."

A POACHER having been caught and arrested, and taken before a magistrate, by whom he was asked the usual questions as to name, age, residence and occupation, replied to the latter, that he was a game-keeper.

IMPORTANT TO ELDERLY LADIES.—A keen observer of human nature and human countenances says that the woman looks oldest who tries the hardest to conceal her age; and that if she refuses to let her age appear upon her tongue, it will be certain to show itself upon her face.

## DRAWING THE LONG BOW.

Two pedlars on tramp in one of the border counties came near to a farmhouse, the proprietor of which was remarkable in the locality for his credulous disposition. One of the pedlars entered some little time before the other, and, in course of conversation, told the farmer that just as he came along he had seen one of the largest eggs it had ever been his luck to see or hear of—it was so large that it nearly filled a common hay wagon, and required a couple of horses to draw it along.

The farmer looked at him in perfect astonishment, hardly able to swallow such an enormous egg; when, in stepped pedlar No. 2, who, after exchanging the usual civilities, was asked if there was anything new from his district.

"Well," said he, "as I was passing through M—, (naming a village some miles distant), about midday it got very dark, so dark, in fact, that the villagers, in speechless awe, rushed out to the street to see if they could find a cause for such a wonderful darkness; when, looking upwards, they espied a very large bird, with its wings spread out, leisurely sailing over the village."

Up jumped the farmer, and slapped pedlar No. 1 on the shoulder. "That," said he, "must have been the 'Buffer' that laid your big egg."

Two gentlemen noted for their fondness of exaggeration, were discussing the fare at the different hotels. One observed that at his hotel he had tea so strong it was necessary to confine it in an iron vessel. "At mine," said the other, "it is made so weak it has not strength to run out of the teapot."

"WHAT is your consolation in life and in death?" asked a clergyman of a young Miss, in a Bible class that he was catechising. The young lady blushed and hesitated. "Will you not tell me?" urged the clergyman. "I don't want to tell his name," said the ingenuous girl, "but I've no objection to telling you where he lives."

A CHOLERIC old gentleman becoming enraged at the stupidity of an aged and faithful servant, exclaimed, "Zounds, you dolt, I shall go out of my wits at your dulness?" To which the honest old servitor replied, "Well, there's one comfort, master: you won't have far to go!"

ARGUING WITH A WOMAN.—"You must admit, doctor," said a witty lady to a celebrated doctor of divinity, with whom she was arguing the question of the 'equality of the sexes,' "you must admit that woman was created before man?" "Well, really, madam," said the astonished divine, "I must ask you to prove your case." "That can be easily done, sir. Wasn't Eve the first maid?"

A BELLMAKER, endeavouring to sell a gong to a Quaker gentleman, remarked that it would be useful in the country, for it would not only serve as a dinner-bell, but would also, in case of an attempt to break into the house, enable the inmates to give an

alarm to the surrounding neighbourhood. "Friend," replied the Quaker gentleman, after listening attentively to these recommendations, "I will not purchase thy gong; for if I put it to both these uses, how should my friends distinguish between a late dinner and an early burglary?"

"I do not say," remarked Mrs. Brown, "that Jones is a thief; but I do say that if his farm joined mine I would not try to keep sheep."

"I WONDER what causes my eyes to be so weak," said a fop to a gentleman. "Because they are in a weak place," replied the gentleman.

"WHAT would you be, dearest," said Walter to his sweetheart, "if I was to press the seal of love upon those scolding-wax lips?" "I should be stationary."

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

WE have read somewhere of an ingenious stratagem devised by a French lady of fortune for securing a true husband. She kept herself very secluded from society, and gave out a report that she was frightfully ugly—as a counter-influence against her well-known wealth. As she was not accessible personally to her suitors, they, of course, had recourse to their *billets doux*; and among these, one from Belgium pleased her fancy, and to his miserie she replied. An interview was accorded, and the fortunate suitor proved to be a man of fortune also, and of noble character. When they met in her saloon, the lady wore a mask; she warned him not to risk his happiness by allying himself with one so deformed in face and feature. He replied:

"Well, accept my hand, and never unmask but to the eye of your husband!" for he was so charmed with her sweet eloquence and grace of manner.

"I consent," she replied; "I shall survive the appearance of affright and disgust—perhaps contempt—you may feel after marriage."

"I will not shrink from the proof," said he; "it is your heart, and not your figure, that charms me."

In a few days their marriage took place; and, notwithstanding his refusal to accept it, the whole of her fortune was settled upon him. Returning from the altar, she threw herself upon her knees before her husband, and, placing her hand upon her mask, lifted it, exclaiming:

"You have not deserved deformity; you merit the love of beauty." And a vision of angelic beauty stood before him!

## PRINCE ALBERT AND THE HIGHLANDER.

DURING the earlier visits of the royal family to Balmoral, Prince Albert, dressed in a very simple manner, was crossing one of the Scotch lakes in a steamer and was curious to note everything relating to the management of the vessel, and among other things, the cooking. Approaching the "galley," where a brawny Highlander was attending to the culinary matters, he was attracted by the savoury odours of a compound known by Scotsmen as "hodge-podge," which the Highlander was preparing.

"What is that?" asked the prince, who was not known to the cook.

"Hodge-podge, sir," was the reply.

"How is it made?" was the next question.

"Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and—"

"Yes, yes," said the prince—who had not learned that "intil't" meant "into it," expressed by the contraction "intil't"—"but what is intil't?"

"Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't and carrots intil't, and—"

"Yes, I see; but what is intil't?"

The man looked at him, and seeing that the prince was serious, he replied:

"There's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and—"

"Yes, certainly, I know," urged the enquirer; "but what is intil't—intil't?"

"Ye daft gowk!" yelled the Highlander, brandishing his big spoon, "am I na tellin' ye what's intil't? There's mutton intil't, and—"

Here the interview was brought to a close by one of the prince's suite, who was fortunately passing, who stepped in to save his royal highness from being rapped over the head with the big spoon; in his search for information from the cook.

THE YANKEE AND THE FOOTMAN.—During the visit of the Prince of Wales to the American shores, not only were the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lyons and others connected with the Prince's suite, the objects of great attraction, but the footmen also came in for a share. One of them was very much othored by an American, who mistook him for Lord Lyons or somebody else of great importance. John did not think it worth while to undeceive the inquisitive individual and let him talk on. At length Jonathan spoke something after this style—"This is a mighty fine country, ain't it? How fur 'ev you bin? From Detroit to



Chicago and St. Lewis, &c. My! Come now, ain't it a fine country; don't you like it?" John, thus addressed, assumed his most aristocratic air, pulled down his waistcoat, stroked his chin, and in the most serious tone possible said—"Like it, certainly. If it's all as good as the portion we have passed through, I will buy it before I go home." Jonathan subsided.

#### THE MARQUIS OF BUTE.

Walking in the castle grounds one day, the Marquis perceived an old man at work, accosted him, and asked him how long he had been engaged on the estate.

"Years before the death of the late Marquis," was the reply.

"Indeed," responded the Marquis, "that's a long time. What wages do they give you?"

"I had twelve shillings a week and my food, but five years since my food was stopped, and I have had only the twelve shillings," was the reply.

"Well, in future you shall have eighteen shillings a week while you live, whether you work or not," said the Marquis; and we need not say the old man expressed his gratitude in fitting terms.

The old man being a voter, the Marquis asked him how he intended voting, and grateful for the kindness of which he had just been the object, the old man replied:

"Just as your Lordship pleases."

The Marquis said: "But how would you vote were you to please yourself?"

"Well, my lord," was the reply, "if you have no objection, I would like to give my vote to the Colonel."

The Marquis laughed, and took leave of the labourer by saying, "Well you shall vote to please yourself."

HENRY WARD BEECHER, in one of his discourses, said that "some men will not shave on Sunday, and yet they spend all the week in shaving their fellow men; and many folks think it very wicked to black their boots on Sunday morning, and yet they do not hesitate to blacken their neighbours' reputation on week days."

#### OFFICE SEEKING.

Mr. O'Flanagan: "I hope ye will not prove ungrateful, sir! I voted for your party for the first time, and used an immense deal of influence amongst me friends! If you have nothing left here, I don't mind going abroad as consul, or secretary to a legation."

#### NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

January.—The month is so called from the god Janus, who looked two ways at once, and had one pair of eyes for the past year and one for the present.

February.—So called from a distinguished person of that name shortly before the first century. There is nothing to distinguish this month from any other in winter except its name.

March.—From Mars, the God of War, also, of course, used to March. There is still an Earl of March, but he is no relation to the heathen divinity. This month is one of the few that has a feminine to it. It is, of course, Marchioness. Some folks say that this now only signifies a fondness for March, or some peculiarity akin to the month, described as Marchiness: like huskiness, hoarseness, &c.

May.—So called from Maia, the Roman goddess. The family is still extant, having a descendant in Bow Street, who is the theatrical costumer. In May in England Lord Mayor's Day used to take place. Hence the name of May-or.—*Punch's Almanack*, 1869.

#### SOCIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

That it betrays a vulgar mind to carry a parcel in the street, especially if it be wrapped up in a piece of newspaper.

That if you are seen running, as though really in a hurry, you must certainly lose caste, and that nobody worth knowing will take notice of you afterwards.

That something dreadful must happen if you leave your gloves at home, although the weather is so hot that you cannot bear to wear them.

That if you are a lawyer you will lose all your best clients should you carry a blue bag, and nobody will be offended at your carrying a black one.—*Punch's Almanack*, 1869.

CARTE OF A LUNATIC DINNER.—Odd fish, including pike and sword fish. Broth of a boy, mock-tail, and P. soup. H bone and cold shoulder. Chops and changes. Ducks and drakes, and March hares. Baked owls, gammon, and Shanklin Chine. Larks, cockroaches, and fair game. Maggie, piebald, and madcap pudding. Hot codlins, gooseberry and April fool, puffs and flummery. Sweets of office. Vegetable ivory and evergreens. Brawn and muscels. Greenwich rolls and Peckham Rye bread. Sauce of the Nile. Cakes and ale. Pippins and cheese. Desert—Fruits of the Election, meddlers, olive

branches, apples from the Dead Sea, cherry ripe, oranges and lemons, City plums, regular jam and game preserves. Wines from the wood and spirits from the deep. The whole to conclude with T. sober-water, and weeds in the garden.—*Punch's Almanack*, 1869.

#### LA CHASSE.

Sportsman (British): "Hallo! I say, you're not going to shoot the bird running?"

Chasseur (French): "Mais, non, mon ami; I shall wait till he stop!"—*Punch's Almanack*, 1869.

THE EFFECTS OF EDUCATION.—Our housemaid (Amelia) is fond of fine words. The other day she gave warning. When asked the reason, instead of the usual answer that she wanted to better herself, she said that she wished to ameliorate herself.—*Punch's Almanack*, 1869.

THERE are two periods in the life of man, at which he is too wise to tell woman the exact truth—when he is in love—and when he isn't.—*Punch's Almanack*, 1869.

#### REGISTER! REGISTER!

Aunt Sophy: "Now, suppose, George, as a single woman I should have my name put on the register, what should I get by it?"

Pet Nephew: "Oh, a good deal. You'd be allowed to serve on coroner juries, common juries, annoyance juries, pay powder tax and armorial bearings, act as parish beadle and night constable of the casual ward, and inspector of nuisances, report on fever districts, and all jolly things of that sort."—*Punch's Almanack*, 1869.

#### "TENDER AND TRUE."

I sit by the broad east windows,

That look out towards the sun,

And beautiful, shadowy visions

Floated past me one by one.

Is it the hazy sunlight,

Flooding the distant hills,

Or the cheery, silvery babbling,

Coming down from the woodland rills?

Or is it the scarlet banners,

Hung out on the maple trees;

Or the showers of golden arrows,

Adrift on the autumn breeze?

Mayhap 'tis the gorgeous splendour,

Of the flaming woods, out there;

Or the lingering swallows, skimming

Through the mellow, dreamy air,

That has brought the beautiful visions

That all my pulses thrill,

That fills my heart with a rapture,

So strangely sweet and still.

But it's not the hazy sunlight,

Nor the banners of scarlet and gold,

Nor yet the forest's mantle,

Embroidered fold on fold.

Nor is it the silvery tinkle,

Coming down from the woodland rills,

Nor the song of the fitting swallows,

That my heart so wildly thrills.

Ah, no! 'Tis the new, sweet gladness,

That over my spirit stole,

When a pair of eyes looked into mine,

That were full of a poet's soul.

And a whisper told me the story,

So old and yet so new;

And I found a ring on my finger,

With the motto, "Tender and true."

P. H. C.

#### GEMS.

UNAFFECTED modesty is the sweetest charm of female excellence—the richest gem in the diadem of their honour.

YOUTHFUL minds, like the pliant wax, are susceptible of the most lasting impressions; and the good or evil bias they receive, is seldom or ever eradicated.

GOOD ADVICE.—Say nothing about yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent; nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

TRUE BENEVOLENCE.—True benevolence inspires with the love of justice, and prompts him in whose bosom it glows, neither to oppress the weak, to impose on the ignorant, nor to overreach the unwary; but to give every man his due, and with steady and undeviating steps to walk in the hallowed path of equity. Deceit and dissimulation, fraud and falsehood, are far from the humble worshipper of God; integrity is enthroned in his heart, truth dwells on his lips, and an enlightened sense of duty regulates

the whole of his conduct. He faithfully performs every promise, and fulfils every engagement. Others respect and trust his word, because he respects and holds it sacred himself. His life is characterised by the simplicity of truth, and the dignity of virtue; and, in dealing with him, they who have an opportunity of knowing his character, place unbounded confidence in his justice and faithfulness.

#### STATISTICS.

THE dredging establishment near Schwarzort, on the Curish Hafl, produced about 83,600 lb. of amber in the course of the year 1867. In the two previous years the quantities obtained were as follows:—In 1865, 53,000 lb.; and in 1866, 73,000 lb. The amber trade during the year was not very flourishing.

THE IMPORTATION OF FURS, &c.—The importation of furs this season by the Hudson's Bay Company, from York Fort, the Mackenzie River, Moose River, and Canada, is as follows:—Badger, 1,722; bear, 4,970; beaver, 118,982; fisher, 5,967; fox (silver), 1,225; fox (cross), 4,656; fox (red), 17,120; fox (white), 11,707; fox (kitt), 6,624; lynx, 59,570; marten, 59,078; mink, 61,464; musquash, 351,791; otter, 9,977; porpoise, 238; rabbit, 45,914; racoon, 219; hair seal, 1,877; skunk, 6,520; swan, 517; wolf, 8,621; wolverine, 1,105; castoreum, 3,198 lb.; isinglass, 2,727 lb.; bed feathers, 11,598 lb.; walrus teeth, 84 lb.; goose and swan quills, m. 552; oil, 71 tons; deer tongues, 800. Besides the above, a large importation is received in the summer from the Columbia River.

STATISTICS OF VICTORIA.—The value of the imports and exports, at the port of Melbourne, up to the 3rd October of last year, was as follows:—Imports, 9,401,235; exports, 10,058,944. There was an increase in the value of imports of 1,909,888, and in the exports, of 1,660,876, over the returns of the year 1867. The amount of revenue received during the quarter ended 30th September was 830,846, against 895,901, during the corresponding period of the year 1867; and for the nine months ended 30th September the revenue was 2,906,760, against 3,150,106, in 1867. The total receipts on the Victorian railways, during the year, up to 3rd October, have been 412,277, against 390,147, during corresponding period of 1867. The statement of the Melbourne and Hobson's Bay Company has been published, and the receipts from July 1st to October 1st, amounted to 30,811, 11s. 4d., against 30,455, 15s. 4d. in 1867.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ARISTOCRATIC MEMBERS OF THE NEW HOUSE.—It is a noteworthy fact that although they form a third of the House, but one among them is a first-class statesman, and only five or six have been Cabinet ministers.

A SUBSTANCE of a rather fine flavour and beautiful appearance is finding a ready sale as honey just now in Germany. This substitute for the genuine product of the bee-hive is simply starch converted into sugar by means of sulphuric acid.

It is a curious fact that the first President of the Board of Trade was Richard Cromwell; the last is Mr. Bright. Mr. Wm. Molesworth used to say that Mr. Bright was the Cromwell of the nineteenth century.

MEYERBEER'S "DINORAH."—Strange though it must seem, it appears to be no less true that Meyerbeer's "Dinorah" has never yet been given in Berlin, the city of the composer's birth and official residence. It is now to be produced, with Fraulein Mathilde Sessi as the fantastic heroine.

PROTECTION OF SEA BIRDS.—Measures are being taken for the formation of an association in the East Riding of Yorkshire for the protection of the native sea birds, with the view to the obtaining an Act of Parliament for that object. A large number of very influential noblemen and gentlemen have subscribed towards the necessary expenses, and have expressly allowed their names to be published as supporters of the movement.

NEW ZEALAND.—In the course of a lecture on the present condition of New Zealand, recently delivered by Lord Lyttelton, at Stourbridge, his lordship remarked that the general following of English usages was to be observed in the colony. They had the same amusements and many of such institutions as were common amongst us. The extraordinary growth of watercress was one of the plagues of the colony, requiring the most constant efforts to prevent it choking up the water. It was sometimes said to be so thick that one could almost walk upon it, and it was even the subject of special legislation.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROSEB.—*Un grand homme*, means a great or distinguished man; *Un homme grand*, a tall man.

DAVIS.—*Pro tem*, is an abridgement of *pro tempore*, and means "for a time," or temporarily.

W. H. C.—*In forma pauperis*, means to "see as a pauper," or, as a person without pecuniary means or resources.

NERVOUSNESS.—Your best cure will be cheerful society, early rising, and exercise in the open air, especially on horseback; also avoid excitement, study, and late meals.

LAURA.—Avoid reserve in society; remember that the social elements like the air we breathe, are purified by motion. Thought illumines thought, and smiles win smiles.

MARIAN.—We should give as we would receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation, for there is no grace in a benefit that adheres to the fingers.

ALICE.—"Shibboleth" was the word by which the followers of Jephthah tested their opponents, the Ephraimites, on passing the Jordan. The term is now applied to any party watchword or dogma.

MARSTON.—The theatrical fund of Covent Garden was established in 1765; that of Drury Lane in 1776. They grant pensions to their members and their families. The General Theatrical Fund was established in 1839.

ALMA.—Onions well rubbed into the skin will have the effect you wish; the stimulating powers of this vegetable being serviceable in restoring and assisting the capillary vessels to produce hair.

ROBERT.—The "Trumpet Flower," or *Bignonia radicans*, was brought from North America about 1640. The "Trumpet Honeysuckle" also came from there in 1656. The large, flowered Trumpet Flower was brought from China in 1809.

EMMA.—We have two native plums; our finer kinds came Italy and Flanders about 1577; the date plum was brought from Barbary, the phlox plum from America. Formerly damsons, apricots, and peaches went by this name, as raisins still do.

MARTHA.—The game of croquet consists in striking the balls from the starting peg through the hoops to the peg at the opposite extremity. The balls are then driven back again to the starting peg.

THOMAS BROWN.—Your handwriting requires so much practice and care in the formation of the letters, that we cannot at present form an idea what it would be fitted for. Procure some good printed copies, and imitate them carefully.

R. W.—1. To cure baldness, take 2 oz. of eau-de-cologne, 2 drachms of tincture of cantharides, 10 drops each of oil of rosemary, oil of nutmeg, and oil of lavender; mix, and rub on the bald parts of the head every night. 2. Your handwriting not being bad, a little care and practice is only requisite to make it better.

J. S.—The act by which a tax was levied upon retail shops was passed in 1786, but it caused so great a commotion, particularly in London, that in 1789 it was repealed. The statute whereby shoplifting was made a felony, without benefit of clergy, was passed in 1699, but has also for some time been repealed.

ANNE.—The first woman invested with sovereign authority was Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, B.C. In 1654 an act was passed, "declaring that the regal power of this realm is in the queen's majesty (Mary) as fully and absolutely as ever it was in."

MAURICE.—Avoid disputations for the mere sake of argument; the man who disputes obstinately and bigotedly, is like one who would stop the fountain from which he should drink. Earnest discussion is commendable, but factious arguments never produce a good result.

ELIZA.—Flattery Cape is on the western coast of North America, and was so named by Captain Cook, because at a distance it had promised to him a harbour, which it did not yield upon his near approach, in 1778. The disappointment was severely felt by his crew, who at the time were in want of provisions.

CLARA.—Pins, as an article of commerce, were first mentioned in a statute of 1483. Brass pins were brought from France in 1640, and were first used in England by Catherine Howard, Queen of Henry VIII. Previously, both sexes used ribands, loop-holes, laces with points and tags, clasp hooks and eyes, and skewers of brass, silver, and gold. Pins were made in England in 1643, and were first manufactured by machinery in 1824.

HOWLAND.—Eton College, in Buckinghamshire, was founded by Henry VI. in 1440, and was designed as a nursery to King's College, Cambridge. John Stanberry, confessor to Henry VI., Bishop of Bangor, in 1448, was the first provost; besides about 300 noblemen and gentlemen's sons, there are seventy king's scholars on the foundation, who, when properly qualified, are elected on the first Tuesday in August, to King's College, Cambridge, and are removed

there when there are vacancies, according to seniority. The establishment of the *monks* is nearly covered with the college. It consisted in the procession of the scholars, arrayed in fancy dresses, to Salt Hill, once in three years; the donations collected on the road (sometimes as much as 800*l.*) were given to the senior or best scholar, their captain, for his support, while studying at Cambridge. The *monks* was discontinued in 1847.

MARGARET HOY.—Take a pint of vinegar, and 1 oz. of myrrh; boil them together for half-an-hour, and then pour the liquid into a basin; place over the basin the large part of a funnel that fits it, and the small end being put into the mouth, the fume will be inhaled, and pass to the throat; it should be used as hot as it can be borne, and renewed every quarter of an hour.

MELVILLE.—*Tri Juncta In Uno* means three united into one; it is the motto of the knights of the military order of the Bath, signifying the three theological virtues, "Faith, Hope, and Charity." It is supposed to have been first used by Richard II., and adopted by Henry IV. in 1399. It was continued when the order was revived by George I. in 1726.

ARNOLD.—There was a little antiently much in use, and sometimes signifies a nobleman, sometimes a freeman, and sometimes a magistrate; but more properly an officer under the king. The Saxons had a nobility called *thane*, and the Scots also, among whom the title was more general. It was abolished in England upon the introduction of the feudal system.

LAWRENCE.—Plough Monday occurs in January, the first Monday after the Epiphany; it received the appellation from its having been fixed upon our forefathers, as the day upon which they returned to the duties of agriculture, after enjoying the festivities of Christmas. On Plough Monday, too, the ploughmen in the north country used to draw a plough from door to door, and beg plough-money to drink.

EDWARD.—Pyx is the casket in which the Catholic priests keep the consecrated wafer; in the ancient chapel of the "Pyx," at Westminster Abbey, are deposited the standard pieces of gold and silver, under the joint custody of the lords of the treasury and the comptroller-general. The "trial of the Pyx" signifies the verification by a jury of goldsmiths of the coins deposited in the Pyx-box by the master of the Mint; this took place in 1861, at the exchequer office, Old Palace Yard, in the presence of twelve privy councillors and twelve goldsmiths.

## THE WINTER BIRD'S SONG.

The bleak snow covers all the ground.

The icicles hang from the trees.

With wreaths of white the roofs are crowned.

And merrily the winter breeze

Croons trembling notes 'mid eddying leaves,

And over every dead flower grieves.

Ha! whence that snatch of happy song?

Not from the reeds by wind-blown shores;

Again the glad notes sweep along;

They are the music of a bird,

A little bird that joyous makes

His song amid the withered brakes.

Sing on, sing on, thou little bird!

Still Nature sunshine keeps for thee,

And even doubts so sadly stirred

Cannot destroy thy minstrelsy;

Surely thy little heart can find

Beauty in even clouds enshroued.

W. R. W.

FRANK.—Treasure Trove is any money or coin, gold, silver, plate, or bullion found hidden in the earth, or other private place, the owner thereof being unknown; in which case the treasure belongs to the Crown; but if he who hid it be known, or afterwards found out, the owner, and not the sovereign, is entitled to it. It is considered in law as a contempt against the royal prerogative to conceal "treasure trove." It was formerly punishable by death, but now only by fine and imprisonment.

ALBAN.—The Committee of Supply is a committee of the whole House, and it is delegated the power of agreeing to, or repudiating the Government resolutions for granting to the Crown the sums necessary for conducting the various branches of the public service; those that are agreed to are reported to the House and either adopted or rejected; if agreed to, the Lords of the Treasury at once issue the funds ordered by the House. At the end of each session the supply resolutions are consolidated in the "Appropriation Bill," which is sent to the House of Lords for approval.

EDGAR.—The original flag of England was the banner of St. George, that is white with a red cross, which, three years after James I. ascended the throne, was incorporated with the banner of Scotland, that is, blue with a diagonal cross. This combination obtained the name of "Union Jack," in allusion to the union with Scotland, and the word Jack may be considered a corruption of the word "Jacques," or James. This arrangement continued until the union with Ireland, in 1801, when the banner of St. Patrick, that is, white, with a diagonal red cross, was thus amalgamated with it, and forms the present Union flag.

NELIE.—1. A good wash to promote the growth of the hair, may be made with 1 oz. of borax, half an ounce of camphor, finely powdered, and dissolved in 1 quart of boiling water; when cool the solution will be ready for use, damp the hair frequently. The camphor will form into lumps after being dissolved, but the water will be sufficiently impregnated. 2. With practice and care your handwriting would be fit for the position you name. 3. It is decidedly wrong for a young woman to act in opposition to the wishes of her parents.

ADINE.—The word interlude is derived from the Latin *inter*, between; and *ludus*, a play; and means a short play, or dance accompanied by music, introduced between the acts of a piece, or between the play and the afterpiece; it is not of modern invention. The ancients were acquainted with certain short pieces, loosely connected, which served to make an easy transition from one play to another. Interludes are not so much used now as formerly, when a song or dance was generally given between every act of a tragedy or comedy. Modern interludes were at first madrigals, sung between the acts of a play, by several voices, and connected with the piece; they soon, however, lost their primitive form, and represented some action.

C. W. F.—Ordinary ballot boxes contain two holes or apertures, beneath one of which is the word "no," and the

other "yes." The box being placed behind a screen at one end of the room, the voter can in secret place his ball either; the "noes" being called black balls. The ballot box was used in a political club which met in 1659, at Miles's coffee-house, Westminster; it was proposed to be used in the election of members of parliament, in a pamphlet published in 1703. A bill authorizing vote by ballot passed the Commons in 1710, but was rejected by the Lords. The ballot has been an open question in Whig governments since 1835; in 1857, the House of Commons rejected the ballot, 257 being against, and 189 for it. For several years past it has been annually proposed and rejected. The ballot was adopted in Victoria, Australia, in 1856. Secret voting existed in the Chamber of Deputies in France from 1840 to 1845; and was employed also after the *coup d'etat* in 1851. Secret voting was practised by the ancient Greeks and modern Venetians.

BENNETT.—First-fruits were offerings which made a large part of the revenues of the Hebrew priesthood; they were called *anasse*, from *anasse*, a year. In the Roman church, originally, the profits of one year of every vacant bishopric, afterwards of every benefice, were claimed by Pope Clement V., in 1306, and were collected in England in 1312; the exaction was not submitted to till 1534, when the first-fruits were assigned, by act of parliament, to the king and his successors. Queen Mary gave them up to the pope, but Elizabeth resumed them; by Anne they were granted together with the tenths, to increase the incomes of the poor clergy. The offices of First-fruits, Tenths, and Queen Anne's Bounty were consolidated in 1833.

R. L. M.—"Dominical Letter" means the Lord's day, or Sunday. The seven days of the week, reckoned as beginning on the 1st of January, are designated by the first seven letters of the alphabet, and the one which denotes Sunday is the Dominical letter. If the year begin on Sunday, A is the Dominical letter; if on Monday, G; on Tuesday, F; and so on. Generally to find the Dominical letter, call New Year's day A, the next B, and so on, thus until you come to the first Sunday, and the letter that answers to it is the Dominical letter; in leap year count two letters. 2. *Pyx* is the excess of the solar month, above the lunar synodical month, 1 day, 11 hours, 15 minutes, 57 seconds; the lunar month being only 29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes, 3 seconds; and the excess of the solar year above the lunar synodical year (nearly 11 days), the lunar year being 354 days. 3. Handwriting not bad, but will admit of improvement.

MARIE and ROSA.—"Marie," eighteen, dark eyes, light hair, medium height. Respondent must be dark, tall, and a tradesman. "Rosa," seventeen, dark hair, light eyes, medium height, handsome, but has no fortune. Respondent must be tall, handsome, and have a good income.

JULIA and LILY.—"Julia," twenty-two, tall, fair, good looking, and in the expectation of a fortune. Respondent must be about thirty; a tradesman preferred. "Lily," eighteen, tall, fair, pretty, with no income; a tradesman preferred. Handwriting evinces carelessness; therefore requires great practice.

HAPPY JACK and HEARTY TOM.—"Happy Jack," twenty-two, 5 ft. 8 in., blue eyes, auburn hair. Respondent must be fair, fond of home, and domesticated. "Hearty Tom," twenty-four, 5 ft. 9 in., dark curly hair, and whiskers, has an income, and fond of home. Respondent must be dark, and of prepossessing appearance.

S. P. C. K., thirty, a widower, with one little child, 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, whiskers, and eyes, good looking, and a stationery and fancy business. Respondent must be about thirty, domesticated, and not above work; be good looking, have 300*l.*, and not object to its being invested in business.

LIZZIE and JANE.—"Lizzie," eighteen, medium height, dark, brown hair, gray eyes, good tempered, and fond of home. Respondent must be tall, dark, good looking, and in business. "Jane," seventeen, tall, slight, fair, brown hair, blue eyes, good tempered, fond of home. Respondent must be tall, dark, and handsome.

EMILY and ALICE.—"Emily," medium height, bright auburn hair, blue eyes, fair, ladylike, will have 600*l.* a year when of age. Respondent must be tall, dark hair, and a good tradesman. "Alice," eighteen, light brown hair, hazel eyes, fair, very ladylike, and pretty; has 300*l.* a year. Respondent must be tall, with dark brown eyes.

HATTIE E., SARAH, and JANE D.—"Hattie E.," eighteen, short, brown hair and eyes, and fond of home. Respondent must be tall, dark, and good tempered. "Sarah," twenty, fair hair, dark eyes, and domesticated. Respondent must be fair, and have good prospects. "Jane D.," eighteen, blue eyes, and brown hair, medium height, and thoroughly domesticated. Respondent must be handsome, and have a first-class profession.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

LIZZIE S. is responded to by—Edward J., twenty, a mechanic, dark, 5 ft. 3 in.

CHARLES CONYERT by—"Rosemond," eighteen, pretty and amiable, and has 1000*l.* of her own. Handwriting good.

C. A. M. by—"E. H.," seventeen, dark brown hair, fair, dark eyes, and fond of home.

BEN BACKSTAY by—"Beatrice," nineteen, 5 ft. 2 in., fair, auburn hair, blue eyes, and of a loving disposition.

SPARKER JACK by—"Emma," nineteen, 5 ft. 4 in., fair, light hair, and hazel eyes.

HILDA by—"A Bombardier in the Royal Artillery," tall, and good looking;—"G. W. R.," twenty-six, 5 ft. 7 in., dark hair and eyes; and—"G. W. R.," a soldier, 5 ft. 7 in., light hair and moustache, dark eyes, and of a kind disposition.

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